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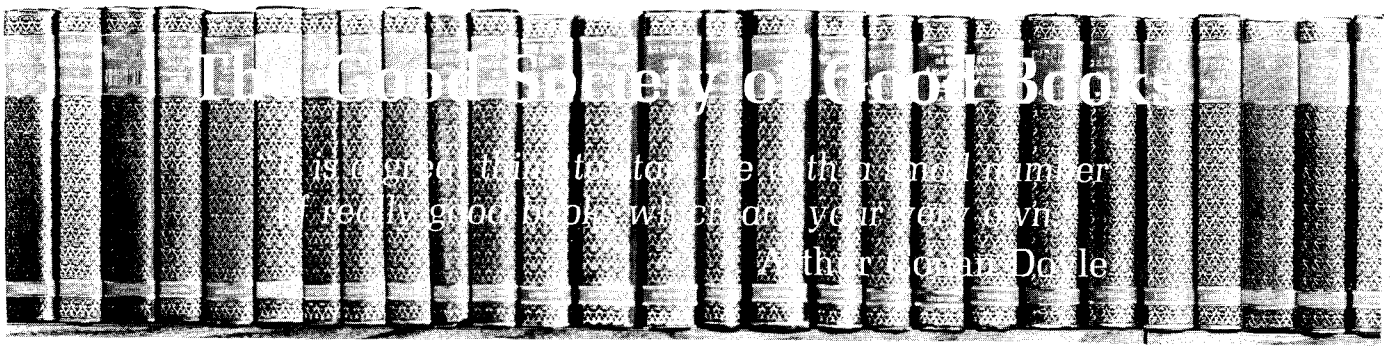
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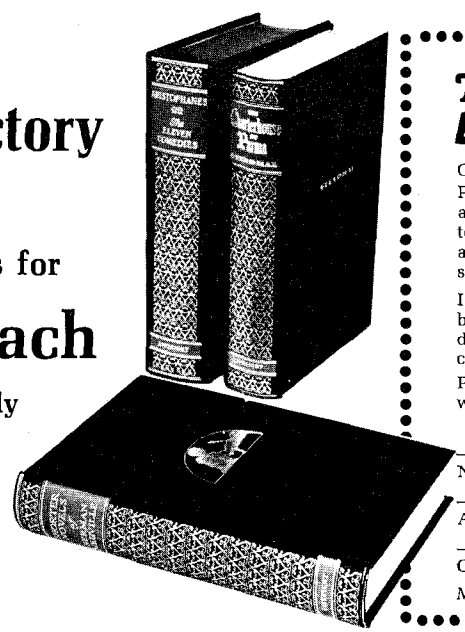

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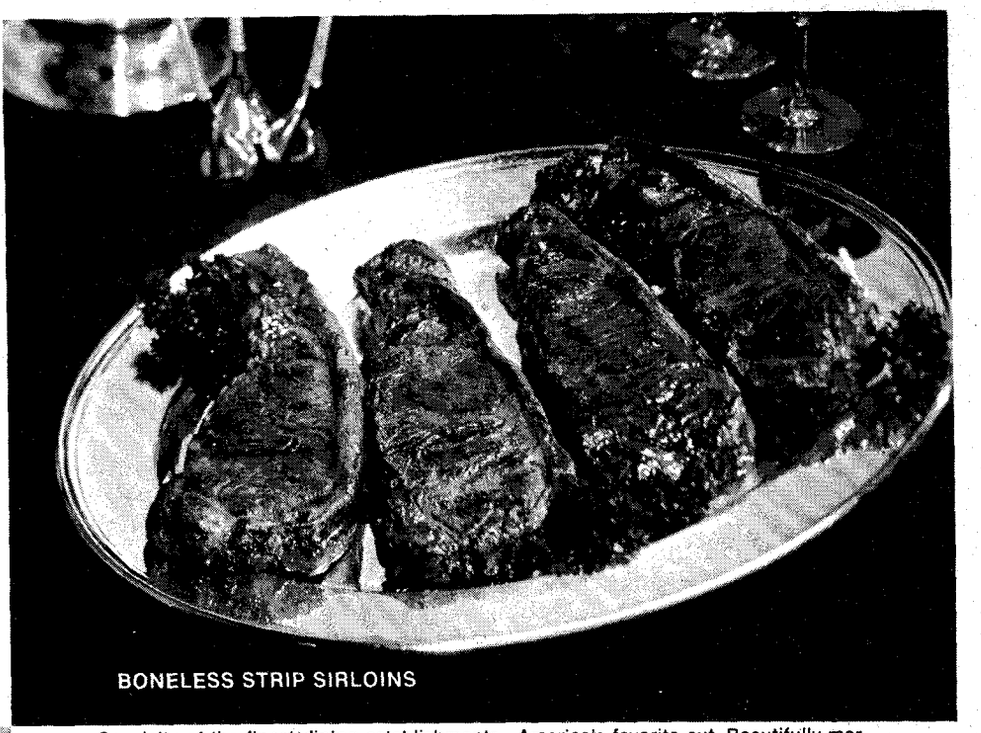

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May 20, 1972

If You Only Knew

Secrecy leads to self-deception. If you want proof of that overlooked political axiom, then look at the way we have gotten involved with a secret mercenary army in Laos.

It all started off not so innocently a decade ago when the Central Intelligence Agency recruited, directed and supported an army of Meo tribesmen to keep Laos from going Communist. It was like having a Gurkha army of our own, only no one knew we had it and thus nobody cared that we were getting ever more involved in a war in Laos. It was all going along splendidly until the CIA sent General Vang Pao and his army off on an ill-fated offensive last spring. The Meo "irregulars" got chewed up; they had about 10 percent casualties. That might not have been too bad except there were no more tribesmen to recruit in Laos. So the CIA started recruiting mercenaries in Thailand, only it called them "volunteers." Now the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has discovered that we have a $100-million annual commitment to finance an army of 10,000 Thai "volunteers" fighting in Laos. The Thai like it because they are getting good pay as well as extra military assistance from the United States. Presumably the Lao like it because the Meo and Thai can do the fighting. But what about the Congress and the poor American taxpayer who never knew they were running up a $100-million annual bill in Laos? And what does it say about the present moral character of a nation that 200 years ago won its independence fighting Hessian mercenaries?

Put aside all the moral, geopolitical and financial considerations. It's also a disturbing case of the evils of secrecy in our government and Congress. Secrecy provides a way to subvert the constitutional checks and balances on the war powers.

Oh sure, the CIA informed a few members of the Appropriations Committee. But then it intimidated them by explaining it was so hush-hush they couldn't talk about it to the rest of Congress. After that the privileged few didn't even bother to raise questions—that was until Senator Symington and his foreign relations subcommittee came along and started poking around in the secret war in Laos. Even now the State Department and CIA won't 'fess up to what they are doing with the Thai mercenaries. The reason is that Congress last year passed a law prohibiting the use of defense funds to help third-country forces fight in support of the Laotian or Cambodian governments. If all the facts were made public, it would be evident that the executive branch was violating the law.

It's easy enough to blame the executive branch for its secrecy. Everybody knows—including President Nixon, who issued a new executive order on classification recently—that the government business is weighed down with excessive secrecy. There's probably no cure unless bureaucrats are punished for over-classification, and nobody is about to do that. But much of the blame must be placed on Congress for the way it has tolerated secrecy even within its own ranks.

For all its criticism of the executive branch, Congress really likes secrecy. At least those in power do because secrecy means power. "If you only knew what I knew" makes a Senator very important in his own eyes and in the eyes of his colleagues. It also is a very good argument to silence any upstart who dares question the wisdom of the Appropriations Committee or the Armed Services Committee.

If you want a bewildering example, take the case of Senator Symington. One day he is issuing a statement deploring the executive branch's secrecy on the Thai mercenaries. The next day he is on the Senate floor questioning whether secrets should be given to members of Congress except those on the Armed Services, Foreign Relations, and Atomic Energy committees. Senator Symington, it should be pointed out, is the only member of all three committees.

Or take the case of Ms. Abzug, who had the temerity to introduce a resolution of inquiry demanding information on how many bombs we are dropping in Indochina. From the horrified look on the face of Eddie Hebert, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, you would have thought Ms. Abzug wanted to reveal the secrets of the A-bomb. But really his consternation was over the fact that she was challenging the power of the Armed Services Committee, which wants to keep such information locked up in its own safes.

Secrecy is also a convenient way for Congress to avoid responsibility it really doesn't like. "Only the President has access to all the secret information and he must know what is right." That's a common refrain around Capitol Hill these days when the President is getting us deeper into the Vietnam war. It's also an easy way to hide behind the President and duck responsibility.

Maybe Senator Gravel, with his maverick ways, is finally forcing Congress to face up to the problem. He tried the other day to place in the *Congressional Record* a copy of a still-secret national security memorandum that Henry Kissinger had prepared back in 1969 on the Vietnam options open to the Nixon administration. It was enough to send the Senate sputtering into two days of secret sessions. The basic objection was that Senator Gravel would be violating the law by making public a document classified secret. Then to the amazement of the senators, it turned out that there was no law specifically authorizing the executive branch to classify information. The whole secrecy system, it turns out, just rests on implied powers assumed by the executive branch.

The whole security system obviously is not going to come tumbling down. Nor should it. But once Congress starts asking questions, maybe it will begin to realize that Senator Gravel has a point when he argues that Congress also can determine what information should be made public. Right now it's reached the point of absurdity; the Senate sends its debates in secret session down to the executive branch to be declassified.

Testifying the other day before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, James Thompson, Jr. of Harvard University made the point that what is needed is "a new degree of candor in our government's relations with its own citizens and a new degree of respect by the citizens for their government. We can thereby begin to cleanse ourselves of the war's most debilitating poison: collective deception and national self-deception." Congress ought to understand that it need not be such a willing, acquiescent partner in a secrecy system that leads not only to deception but to the impotence of Congress.

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Bombing for Peace

Until last week no President would buy the advice generals and admirals and a few politicians like Barry Goldwater had been pushing since the earliest days of the war—to mine North Vietnamese ports. The danger of blowing up a Russian ship and presenting the Soviets with a direct military challenge seemed to outweigh whatever temporary local advantage might be won by a blockade. But President Nixon now sees things differently—as Henry Kissinger said on May 9, "the risks were not unacceptable" to him—and he ordered the Navy to drop mines in all the major seaports of North Vietnam while he sent bombers deeper into the enemy countryside. Mr. Nixon took this initiative, he said, to "keep the weapons of war out of the hands of the international outlaws of North Vietnam" and to avoid "turning 17 million South Vietnamese over to Communist tyranny and terror." He said he would keep the ports mined until the enemy agrees to a cease-fire and a trade of POWs. The word "Vietnamization" didn't come up in the President's address.

Although Nixon's gamble was provoked by the current invasion of South Vietnam by the North, his own spokesmen admitted that mining the harbors wasn't likely to have much immediate impact on the fighting. Defense Secretary Laird speculated in his May 10 press conference that the enemy has stored enough supplies to keep fighting in the South for another two or three months, and Henry Kissinger admits that too. "We do not believe," he said, "that anything that was done will affect the battle that may now be taking place in the next three weeks. It could affect the next round . . . ."

The administration apparently believes that once North Vietnam faces up to its new supply problems, it will be realistic and withdraw from battle, or at least of necessity cut back the level of attack. As Allen Whiting and Hans Morgenthau make evident elsewhere in this issue it may be harder but it will not be impossible for the North to maintain its supplies.

In the same briefing on May 9, Kissinger stressed what he called the "modification of our peace proposal," suggesting that mining the North Vietnamese ports is not politically as important as the President's offer to withdraw all US forces from Indochina within four months of an agreed cease-fire. The President hopes with his stick-and-carrot strategy to press the Communists with the naval blockade

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while enticing them toward negotiation with the promise of complete US withdrawal from Vietnam.

Many strategies have been tried on the North Vietnamese in this war, and none has worked. Least effective have been military gadgets; now in desperation the President is resorting to them more boldly than ever to try to bring the war to an end on his own terms. During this administration alone, the US has dropped more than three million tons of bombs on Indochina—more than we dropped in World War II and the Korean War combined. The largest naval armada assembled since World War II (about 60 ships, including five carriers) is currently pounding Vietnam from the sea. Nearly 1000 American warplanes are stationed in Indochina, and more are on the way. The consequences of this for the Vietnamese, and for Americans, are terrifying.

Referring to Mr. Nixon's overtures to Peking and the planned negotiations with Moscow, we remarked last week that reason instructs a man who's trapped in a dead-end to look for a way out, and that the Cold War in Europe and in Asia is a dead-end. We don't take that back, but we're now forced to consider the possibility that the President of the United States, as he faces Indochina, is not guided by reason but by passion. Proud, angry, determined not to be faulted for weakness or miscalculation, he is substituting a policy of vengeance for a policy of victory.

Prudence would oblige the administration to prepare for the possibility of military failure, rather than ruling it out as the ultimate catastrophe. The collapse of the Thieu army would surely be less of a catastrophe than keeping the war going indefinitely by ever more desperate military gambles. It must have occurred to men like Henry Kissinger that a characteristic of limited war is that one is prepared to lose it; what does "limited" mean if not that? But we have no sign of any such recognition; the administration will not admit the possibility, and by not admitting it, leaves itself and the American public unready to respond intelligently to what may lie ahead. This was shown when Secretary Laird appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on April 18. He was asked what plans the administration had, if any, in the event that Vietnamization does not work, and that US naval and air power, plus the South Vietnamese army, are not sufficient to achieve the purposes for which we have been fighting. Laird could not entertain the question. The government has no plan for failure, he said.

It takes more courage to make the best of a bad situation than to make it worse. The American people, weary of this war (though the Vietnamese are wearier), dubious of its necessity, can face facts, however bitter, if they are given them. But if they are misled by false expectations and misrepresentations of what is at stake, who can blame them if they indulge in precisely those recriminations and irrational demands for a scapegoat that every sensible man wants to avoid?

All Boyle's Trials

Tony Boyle, the much-convicted president of the United Mine Workers of America, seems to be spending more time in federal court than he does in his Washington office—and certainly more time than he spends in the coal fields. On May 1, he was convicted of the illegal use of union funds and facilities during the election campaign of December 1969, when he beat insurgent Joseph A. (Jock) Yablonski. This was the third time Boyle had gone down in federal court in the last year, and it looks as though the latest blow will knock him out of the union presidency. A year ago, he was ordered to resign from a trusteeship in the union's pension fund because of mismanagement that resulted in the loss of millions of dollars in benefits for disabled and retired miners and their families. A month ago, he was found guilty of illegally using the union treasury to support political campaigns (the largest contribution—$30,000—went to Hubert Humphrey for his '68 campaign).

Now US District Court Judge William Bryant has declared that Boyle weasled support from union workers by manipulating pay increases for them, then taking kickbacks from them to support his campaign. He also turned the union newspaper, the UMW *Journal*, into a propaganda rag that featured literally dozens of pictures of himself during the campaign, but failed even to announce Jock Yablonski's candidacy. Silous Huddleston, one of the suspects in the Yablonski murders has confessed that the killers were paid and instructed by the union.

One thing that now must be done is to assure that the rank and file—such as the Miners for Democracy, made up of Yablonski's followers—get access to information about how the union is being run. This is particularly difficult, since all but two of the local districts have their officials appointed by the hierarchy in Washington, an alleged violation of federal labor laws. This system of "trusteeships" is also being challenged in federal court.

No Place to Live

In a suit brought by open-housing activists in the New York-Long Island area, US District Court Judge Orrin G. Judd ruled April 20 that the federal government had to assure that there is adequate integrated housing for low-income families wherever a federal facility is to be located. Housing availability should now become a critical factor in the selection of sites for all future US facilities—office buildings, warehouses, military bases, and research establishments. Furthermore, Judge Judd ruled that the *total* housing picture of the area—not just adequate housing for the potential

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or actual employees of the new facility—must be taken into account when locating a new government installation.

The case was brought against the General Services Administration by the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing (NCDH) and an ad hoc coalition of housing groups in Suffolk County, NY, called the Brookhaven Coalition on Housing. The open-housing groups opposed the government's building a new $25 million Revenue Center in Brookhaven because there was inadequate housing to serve even the existing low-income population of the town, much less the added low-income workers at the facility. (About 75 percent of the 4000 workers would earn less than $7319.) In Brookhaven about 16 percent of all units were substandard; there is a need for 4000 units of low-income housing, and the county welfare department is forced to place families in motels at costs as high as $1200 a month. There is no subsidized housing in the town.

GSA, the court said, ignored all these facts, despite a presidential executive order (#11512) that requires agencies to assess the availability of housing and the effect on the social and economic well-being of an area where a new federal facility is to be located. Instead, GSA relied on an outdated FHA housing report, and figures from the town indicating that low-income housing was available. What became evident after Brookhaven submitted the figures was that data reflected the *assessed* valuation of housing units, not their real value; thus, a $48,000 house was shown to be worth only $14,500—in other words, low-income housing! The town also reneged on its promise to establish a public housing authority, even though GSA had approved the IRS project with the assurance that the housing authority would be established. Finally, a low-income housing project for 431 families, also part of Brookhaven's promise, had not materialized. An interesting crease in all this is that Brookhaven is the developer of the IRS project, and will get $3 million in federal lease money every year for 20 years.

As has been pointed out in these pages (see "Housing Black Workers," July 17, 1971), the government's economic leverage is one of the few tools left to open the suburbs now that Mr. Nixon has ruled out "forced integration" involving the withdrawal of federal funds from suburbs. If a suburb like Brookhaven wants to have the benefits of federal installation, it should be willing to pay part of the social cost, and that involves supplying low-income housing on an open-occupancy basis. To this end, Judge Judd ruled that the parties must study the possibility of using some 220 surplus housing units at a nearby air force base for the families of low-income IRS workers. And while the judge has permitted the government to occupy the IRS building—which is nearly finished—it may be the last federal installation planned without considering where workers will be able to live.

Bus Learning

"You have to remember that when you put a child on a bus and you take that child for even 45 minutes a day on a bus ride, that's 45 minutes a day that the child could be in a learning environment instead of simply being carried from one place to another to seek social planning." The words are Spiro Agnew's, and he is right to be concerned: 45 minutes lost to education is no cause for celebration. Busing is no panacea, and it may be a needless, costly, nuisance in many places. But why does he assume that children on a bus don't learn anything? They can learn a lot on the street, on a playground, on a trip; conversely, they can sit in a classroom all day and half the night and learn nothing at all. What matters is the teacher, not to mention the child's sense of the importance of what he is seeing and hearing.

In this journal ("Busing in Boston," October 2, 1965) Robert Coles reported on what he saw and heard as he rode a school bus for a year with black children being transported from a ghetto to suburban schools. The children saw where they lived and where others, better off, lived. They watched buildings, stores, people. They learned a lot of what a college professor might refer to as "urban sociology." They were taught by their bus driver, who gave them long and revealing lectures on Boston's history, politics and social problems. In his recently published volume three of *Children of Crisis*, Dr. Coles offers further information on what busing can mean to children—and again, it is quite clear that children on a bus don't need to sit back and be bored, any more than they do in a classroom. In several cities, he observed parents and college students teach children as they were bused to school—point things out, ask questions, suggest reading. It's a kind of learning yet to be quantified in statistical ways but nonetheless a kind of education.

White Men Only

Cecil Rhodes, the son of an English parish priest, made his fortune during the 19th century in the diamond mines of South Africa and 70 years ago created a trust that he hoped would further his favorite cause—the "union of English speaking people throughout the world." Rhodes believed in "painting the map red," and he did his part in Africa to secure "British dominion from the Cape to Cairo." He directed his executors to continue the work after his death by giving scholarships to a carefully chosen group of students from the United States and British Commonwealth countries. Each fall, 72 would be selected—32 from the US and 40 from the other countries—and invited to study for two years at Oxford. The scholar-

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ship's influence, he hoped, would help students see the world as he did and fit them for the burdens of leadership when they returned home. Rhodes' will provided that "students who shall be elected to the scholarships shall not be merely bookworms," but must show a fondness for "manly sports."

Last month, for the first time in the history of the program, a Rhodes Scholar resigned his stipend for political reasons. (Others have left to get married; Rhodes' will forbids scholars to wed before or during their first year of study.) Grant Crandall, a 24-year-old Ohioan, gave up his scholarship to protest what he considers the elitism, sexism and racism of the Rhodes foundation.

He points out that although nine South Africans receive scholarships each year, none has ever been a nonwhite. The Rhodes Trust awards scholarships without considering race or religion, but candidates must first be nominated by their colleges and district committees, over which the trust has no control. In Rhodesia and South Africa, blacks haven't a chance. Women aren't eligible for Rhodes Scholarships, though last year the trust launched a fellowship program to support a few women doing advanced graduate work at Oxford. It's being financed under a section of Rhodes' will that supports "public purposes."

Crandall, a graduate of Grinnell College in Iowa, has been a Rhodes Scholar for a year and a half. Before that, he worked one year for the Peace Corps in Lesotho, the small independent nation surrounded by South Africa. He and his wife spent the summer of 1971 helping organize woodcutters in the US South to form the Gulf Coast Pulpwood Association. This contact with "the honest working men and women who are the real backbone of our society," Crandall wrote to the Rhodes trustees, had made him aware of "his own deep-seated elitism" and the "intellectual snobbishness and disdain that are the products of such elitism." Last February he and two other Rhodes Scholars submitted a list of suggested reforms to the trustees, who considered them but made no official reply. So on April 28 Crandall wrote the trustees a letter of resignation, saying they have been "less than totally candid" in handling his protest and that he has "come to realize that discrimination, rather than being an occasional oversight, is instead a fundamental characteristic" of the scholarship program.

COMING: Where George Wallace Gets His Money — an investigative report by James R. Polk

Surviving the Smear

Senator George McGovern survived the first organized smear campaign against him in Nebraska on May 9 when he turned back an upsurge by the Humphrey forces to win by a six point margin (41 to 35 percent with 99 percent of the vote counted). Interestingly enough, it was voters on the farms and in the small towns who joined with the university vote in Lincoln to save McGovern. Only in Omaha was the Humphrey effort successful.

The attack on McGovern involved a distortion of his stand on abortion (intended to influence the thousands of Catholic voters in Omaha), as well as a repetition of the false charge that he is for the legalization of marijuana.

With added support from organized labor and the black community, Humphrey eked out a 4000-vote majority in Omaha, only to watch his margin dwindle into a deficit when out-state returns started coming in. McGovern's camp credits popular ex-Governor Frank Morrison with pulling it off by stumping the state with McGovern and telling large crowds of voters that "old Frank Morrison" wouldn't be out there supporting some "radical." In Nebraska, that was believable.

A sidelight: members of the National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO) campaigned hard for McGovern and were able to split the black vote down the middle in some of the public housing projects in Omaha.

Letting the People Decide

Colorado's Common Cause has decided to take the question of reform in the fields of taxation, utility regulation, no-fault insurance and legislative ethics directly to the state's voters through the initiative and referendum. Its plans have already upset the state's power structure and *The Denver Post*, one of the major papers in Colorado, has run three critical editorials.

The approach to tax reform is particularly innovative —a proffered constitutional amendment going into the specifics of tax inequalities. It calls for a 60 percent cut in property taxes by limiting the rate to 1.5 percent, a tax on oil, gas and minerals with a 5 percent minimum and a 10 percent maximum, a corporate income tax with a 5 percent minimum and a 15 percent maximum and a new schedule for personal income taxes that

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would hike the rates of persons in the $20,000-plus category. *The Post* has charged this proposal would destroy the state's tax base.

Sponsors claim the no-fault auto insurance proposal is "one of the toughest" in the country. In the field of public utility regulation, Common Cause would provide for a full-time consumer advocate with a staff and require public disclosure of a wide range of information relevant to setting the utility rate base. The initiative on legislative reform provides for registration of lobbyists, full disclosure of personal financial interests by legislators and a ban on all secret meetings at which public business is conducted, including party caucuses.

To get the initiatives on the ballot in November, Common Cause must get approximately 52,000 signatures. It's aiming for 65,000 to 70,000 to be on the safe side. It isn't alone in the fight. The initiatives have been endorsed by the Colorado Labor Council (AFL-CIO), the president of the Rocky Mountain Farmers Union, environmental and peace groups and student leaders. At present, about 1400 persons are carrying petitions and something over 20,000 voters have already signed them. The deadline is the end of June.

New Broom

"You make your own political realities," State Rep. Frances T. (Sissy) Farenthold (D) told a reporter a few minutes after she learned she had defied all the odds and had fought her way into a run-off with Uvalde rancher Dolph Briscoe in the bitterly contested Texas gubernatorial primary. To do so, she bested both Gov. Preston Smith and Lt. Gov. Ben Barnes, who at 35 had been anointed by LBJ as a future President.

Farenthold has already achieved her purpose—to drive the candidates of the "old order" out of the picture in Texas. To do so, she rallied heavy support from students, organized labor, women, split the black vote with Barnes and rescued huge chunks of the Chicano vote from her competitors. In the final days, she faced charges of being a "child killer" from clerics of her own church. A Roman Catholic, Farenthold supports legalized abortion on the grounds she has no right to impose her own moral position on the community.

It will be uphill all the way to the June 3 run-off with Briscoe, who picked up 46 percent of the primary vote against 26 percent for Farenthold. However, it's not hopeless. Her supporters expect her to pick up the bulk of the black and Chicano vote, which went to Barnes (for instance, he swept the black vote in Ft. Worth and split that vote with Farenthold in places like Houston and Austin). She also hopes to solidify her labor support, some of which went to Barnes and Smith in the first primary. But the key to the election may be found in another voter attitude. A strong feeling among voters prevailed in the May 6 primary that they had to get rid of Barnes and Smith and, to make sure, vote for Briscoe as the man who had the best chance. He had a strong media campaign and ran well over 50 percent in the smaller, rural counties untouched by personal campaigning. Now that Barnes and Smith are out of the way, these voters, many of whom spoke with admiration of "that woman," can make a new judgment. Farenthold opened her campaign against Briscoe as the returns were coming in from the first primary by challenging him on such issues as corporate income tax and reform of the university system. Briscoe carefully avoided taking a firm stand on anything during the first primary. He won't find it as easy to duck this round.

Trouble for Meany

AFL-CIO chieftain George Meany and his political roadrunner, Al Barkan, have run into more trouble in their effort to get 25 percent of the delegates to the Democratic national convention for themselves. In Georgia, they were blitzed by the combined McGovern-Chisholm forces and only one labor man was named; in South Carolina, they picked up only four. A major part of their problem in the caucus states has been the tendency of labor leaders to tie themselves to the Humphrey candidacy or try to elect "uncommitted" delegates. But in state after state, McGovern forces are scoring in the caucuses; party pros are taking what's left, leaving the labor men out in the cold.

The New Escalation In Vietnam

Given the war aims of the President, as pointed out on these pages many times before, the escalation of the war was inevitable; only its nature was in doubt. The President is still resolved that the Thieu government remain in power in South Vietnam. There was never a chance that Thieu could survive by his own efforts, and that estimate has now been proven correct by the failure of Vietnamization. Hence, the United States must fill the vacuum left by that failure and by the withdrawal of the main bulk of American combat troops. In order to do that, the President had essentially five choices: reintroduction of American combat troops, use of nuclear weapons, invasion of the North, massive bombardment of the North, denial of war supplies. For the time being, the President has ruled out the reintroduction of American combat troops for domestic political reasons; he has likewise ruled out the use of nuclear weapons in view of the anticipated reaction of domestic and world opinion. He appears also to have ruled out the invasion of North Vietnam

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because of the scarcity of available combat troops and of the negative results of expanding the war into Cambodia and Laos. He has chosen massive bombardment from the air of both North and South Vietnam without achieving anything close to decisive results. Thus he had to look for another remedy, and he found it in increasing still more the range of aerial bombardment and in mining the harbors of North Vietnam. This new escalation is not likely to serve the purposes of the President any more than the escalations of the past, but it carries within itself unprecedented risks. It is an act of desperation rather than of rational policy. Over the years, North Vietnam has switched back and forth between land- and sea-borne supplies and over long stretches of time received the main bulk of its war materiel by land; it can switch back to that means of transportation again. Furthermore, a Chinese port just north of the frontier could receive sea-borne cargo to be transshipped south over land. Thus even if the mining of the ports were to be fully effective, it would but marginally affect the war-making potential of North Vietnam. The extension of the air bombardment to the rail lines connecting North Vietnam with China cannot have a decisive effect either, since similar bombardments further south have had no such effect. In sum, the new escalation will make the task of North Vietnam more difficult but by no means impossible.

While thus the new escalation is likely to turn out to be another palliative, it achieves something that President Johnson was anxious and successful to avoid: a direct military confrontation with the Soviet Union and a challenge to China. China declared that it would intervene in the Vietnam war only if the war were to be brought close to its borders. This formulation gives the government of China considerable latitude in determining its course of action. The Soviet Union, however, is in a different position. For the Soviet Union is faced with a challenge similar or even graver than that to which it yielded during the Cuban missile crisis when Kennedy offered it an acceptable avenue of retreat. It is told by the United States that it risks the destruction of its merchant shipping which might sail from and to North Vietnam's ports. Aside from its dubious legality, such a move, which is not a blockade in the technical sense but an act of war against third parties, presents a political and military challenge to which a great power such as the Soviet Union must react in some fashion.

Unable to have his way in Vietnam, the President first extended the conflict to Cambodia and Laos and failed. He now tries to draw the Soviet Union into the conflict in order to redress the balance in Vietnam by expelling its influence from Southeast Asia. This escalation is by no means attenuated by the offer of a settlement contained in the President's speech. The crux of that offer, canceling out its concessions, is a cease-fire during which Thieu would remain in power in Saigon. That is to say, Thieu's police and army would continue to enforce "law and order" as interpreted by Thieu, while the other side would be temporarily disarmed. Such a settlement obviously serves the preservation of the political status quo in South Vietnam, the very issue over which the war has been fought. What has been true of all the previous negotiating offers of both sides is also true of this one: it is an attempt to win at the conference table what has not been won on the battlefield.

The President justifies the taking of these risks with the same untenable argument he and his predecessors have used before. It is, of course, obvious that we are not dealing here with the invasion of one country by another, but with an attempt at unification of one nation which was artificially and illegally divided by foreign intervention in order to frustrate its unification under the auspices of Ho Chi Minh. The absurdity of preventing a hypothetical Communist bloodbath by inflicting upon all of Vietnam an actual bloodbath in perpetuity is also obvious. So is the claim that 17 million South Vietnamese want to be protected by us from a Communist takeover at the price of their own obliteration. Argument that we must do what we are doing in order to free the POWs and the 60,000 American troops remaining in Vietnam is specious; for the continuation of the war increases the number of the former who would not be in captivity if we were not waging war in Vietnam. And the safety of the remaining troops will be in jeopardy only if they take an active part in the fighting.

All this has been argued before without making the slightest impact upon the people who govern us. For living in an unreal world of their own, making and pursuing policies that are doomed to failure and fraught with enormous risks, concerned above all with their own personal prestige, they are not accessible to rational arguments. But not in order to present a rational argument to our government, but for the sake of this and other nations whose survival is at stake, one must ask the question: provided we come out of this new crisis alive, what is the President going to do when it becomes obvious even to him that the present escalation is as futile as were those that preceded it? Are we going to leave the fate of this nation and perhaps of humanity in the hands of one man, or perhaps of two, who have demonstrated so conspicuously their fallibility, if not their recklessness? This is a question for the American people and for Congress to answer.

Hans J. Morgenthau

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The Nixon Watch

At the Brink

During the 15 minutes that the President spent in the Cabinet Room at the White House with Democratic and Republican leaders of Congress, telling them what he had decided to do in Vietnam before he told the country and the world, he permitted no discussion and no questions. He recited the gist of the speech that he was about to make on television and said in conclusion: "If you can give me your support, I will appreciate it. If you cannot, I will understand." Mike Mansfield of Montana, the Senate majority leader, had brought along a written report on the trip to Communist China that he and Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, the Republican leader, had just completed. Mansfield handed the report to the President, who said that he would try to read it later that night. Then, a little tense but smiling slightly and saying that he had to prepare to go on camera in 45 minutes, he left the shaken leaders with Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, Secretary of State William P. Rogers, and Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, Jr., the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Henry Kissinger was not there—he was with Soviet Ambassador Anatoliy Dobrynin, telling him what the President was about to say. Mansfield and Senator J. William Fulbright, the foreign relations committee chairman, put the questions that they were given no chance to ask the President to Moorer, Laird and Rogers. The questions were tough, hostile, shot through with the doubts of both the necessity and wisdom of the President's course that were soon expressed in public. Senator Scott, Congressman Gerald Ford and the other Republicans present had very little to say. Laird, alert to the political overtones, frequently moved in on Admiral Moorer and dealt as best he could with the doubts that the steps to be announced and already ordered by the President—mining the entrances to the harbors of North Vietnam, bombing and shelling its coasts and bombing the railway lines that bring Soviet and Chinese supplies into North Vietnam from Communist China—made either military or diplomatic sense. Rogers concentrated upon the challenge to the Soviet Union that the President was about to proclaim. The Secretary of State argued that the challenge was not quite as arrant, not quite as dangerous, not quite as likely to wreck the Moscow summit conference scheduled to begin in two weeks as he, Rogers, knew it would at first appear to be. He presented a lawyer's oral brief to the effect that the mining and the other naval measures to interdict the delivery of seaborne Soviet supplies did not amount either legally or actually to a blockade, with the complexities and dangers that a declared blockade would entail. The President had taken care, Rogers said, that there need be no open confrontation with Soviet naval or merchant vessels on the high seas. Everything was to be done on North Vietnamese territory and, as the President was to say, "within the internal and claimed territorial waters of North Vietnam."

After Mr. Nixon delivered his speech, he met with the assembled Cabinet. Among its members, only Rogers, Laird and Treasury Secretary John B. Connally had been told what the President was going to do and say. Rogers, it appears, had been informed on the previous day when he was suddenly recalled from Europe, where he had been making the rounds of NATO governments and telling their heads of the President's high hopes for historic summit agreements in Moscow on strategic arms limitations, US and Soviet cooperation in space exploration, and expanded US-Soviet trade. At the Cabinet meeting, the Nixon message was gently but tersely stated. This speech, the President said, was one that he had written himself. The decisions announced in it were his decisions, they had been made, and there was to be no hedging on them, no backing off from them, by anybody in his presence or in the administration. The understood implication was that he didn't want to see in the newspapers or hear on the air of any self-serving reservations, any dissents that might have been expressed to him or within lower councils. The same message was passed, more by osmosis than by explicit order, to the White House staff. The impression conveyed to press and public was to be that the risks so clearly taken by the President had been taken calmly, after cool and thorough deliberation; not in anger and not in frustration, and not with any sense of impending defeat in Vietnam.

These last were absurd instructions, impossible to fulfill. They could not be believed of a President who had said on television, after reeling off a litany of offered concessions to the Communist enemy: "And North Vietnam has met each of these offers with insolence and insult. They have flatly and arrogantly refused to negotiate an end of the war and bring peace . . . And now, as throughout the past four years, the North Vietnamese arrogantly refuse to negotiate anything but an imposition, an ultimatum, that the United States impose a Communist regime on 17 million people in South Vietnam who do not want a Communist government." Henry Kissinger, holding forth for an hour to reporters at the White House the next day, displayed with flushed face and trembling voice a profound sense of anger and indignation. His and the President's expressed anger was directed chiefly at the North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris who had rebuffed Kissinger when he flew there secretly for a meeting on May 2. His and Mr. Nixon's feelings toward the Soviet leaders with whom Kissinger conferred in Moscow on April 20-24, also in secret, and with whom the President still hoped to meet in Moscow on May 22, had to be deduced from what the President and

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his adviser said and from the ways in which they said it. My deduction follows.

The President felt, and wanted the Soviet leaders to know he felt, that they had led him down the garden path. He blamed them for inducing Kissinger to induce him to resume suspended negotiations in Paris, with what Kissinger in Moscow had judged to be persuasive indications if not an outright promise that they would encourage the Hanoi government to withdraw sufficiently from its past demands to make an early settlement of the war possible on terms that the President could accept without appearing to surrender South Vietnam to immediate Communist rule. And Kissinger discovered in Paris, as he and the President said, that the North Vietnamese still demanded all that they had previously demanded and offered nothing that they had not previously offered. Kissinger acknowledged that the Soviet government's ability to influence and restrain the Hanoi government was probably not "very great." The President, addressing himself to the Soviet leaders, acknowledged that "we expect you to help your allies." But he held them responsible for helping their Vietnamese allies "to launch invasions against their neighbors" and, in the larger context of his and the Soviet approaches toward "a new relationship," for failure to achieve that relationship if the beginnings of it were now to founder upon his challenge in Vietnam. When the President said, "We do not ask you to sacrifice your principles or friends. But neither should you permit Hanoi's intransigence to blot out the prospects we together have so patiently prepared," he aborted Kissinger's claim of reasoned awareness, even in anger, that the capacity of the Soviet leaders to permit or forbid the Hanoi leadership to do anything is distinctly limited.

In his press appearance after the President spoke, Kissinger gave every sign of total support for the decision to elevate this miserable war, this regional conflict, to the level of declared confrontation with the Soviet Union and of tacit confrontation with the People's Republic of China. This he did with an accompanying and appropriate show of humility. Since 1969, he has misjudged and underestimated the endurance of the North Vietnamese and Vietcong Communists and overestimated their readiness, at some juncture, to negotiate a settlement on terms less than terms that he rightly perceives to be a victor's terms. He came close to confessing as much when he said in answer to a question: "Do I still believe that there is hope for negotiations? I have always based my hope of negotiations on the fact [*sic*] that even in Vietnam there must be some realities that transcend the parochial concerns of the contestants and that a point must be reached where a balance is so clearly established that, if we can make generous and far-seeing proposals, a solution may be possible."

John Osborne

Nixon's Gamble

War With China?

Having gone to the Chinese Wall, President Nixon is going to the brink. At least he so declared in his May 8 address ordering that "rail and all other communications [to North Vietnam] will be cut off to the maximum extent possible." If seriously implemented, this threatens war with China. If not implemented, the mining of North Vietnamese ports and interdiction of shipping will accomplish little except to make Hanoi wholly dependent upon Peking.

As the Pentagon papers revealed, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Forces (CINCPAC) urged the mining of Haiphong as early as 1965. However, its futility was revealed in the recent "leak" of national security study memorandum number one, provided January 21, 1969, at the request of Henry Kissinger for the new administration. The Central Intelligence Agency stressed Hanoi's ability to receive what it needed from China, were Soviet-bloc forces to be cut off by sea: "All of the more essential imports could be brought into North Vietnam over rail lines or roads from China in the event that imports by sea were successfully denied . . . the uninterrupted capacities of the railroad, highway and river connections with China are about 16,000 tons per day."

At this point, the Joint Chiefs finally conceded the difficulty of interrupting the routes from China, noting "a minimum of 6000 sorties per month would be required against the two rail lines from China. Even at this level of effort, the North Vietnamese could continue to use the rail lines to shuttle supplies if they were willing to devote sufficient manpower to repair and transshipment operations."

The Joint Chiefs failed to add that China had supplied such manpower, beginning in 1965, when it sent 50,000 People's Liberation Army troops, primarily engineer and construction divisions, to keep supplies moving across the border. Defended against US air attacks by Chinese antiaircraft units, these forces not only repaired rail and road facilities as soon as they were damaged, but built a huge storage area in the northwest, near the Chinese border. Additional access to this vicinity is provided by a newly built road across northern Laos from southern China, currently defended by up to 20,000 Chinese troops and antiaircraft.

Nor is it possible to conceive of cutting transit points at the border without overflying Chinese airspace. Whatever else President Nixon may have hoped to gain by his trip to Peking, he cannot expect Mao Tse-tung to duck this challenge now, when it was met forcibly in 1965-68. Whenever US aircraft strayed, Chinese radar tracked their movement, usually accompanied by MIG efforts at interdiction. Peking did not always announce the intrusions and even kept

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one of the shootdowns secret, but Washington knew that actions spoke louder than words. Neither side wanted a public confrontation. Fortunately President Johnson was determined to avoid the final escalation.

Few persons within government and none outside knew how close questions of "hot pursuit" and attacks on Chinese bases came to making war with China an issue in 1965 and again in 1967. Today similar secrecy insulates President Nixon and Henry Kissinger from the probing of Congress and the press. If the White House is to be believed, the risk of war with China is high. How else can we "keep the weapons of war out of the hands of the international outlaws of North Vietnam?" Since 1966, China has supplied most of the hand-held weapons to North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front (NLF). Eighty percent of the ammunition and 60 percent of the weapons seized in Cambodian caches during the 1970 invasion came from Chinese arsenals. All have since been replaced by Peking. Nothing Hanoi needs in the next six months is beyond China's capacity to supply.

Does the President think that by making Hanoi dependent on Peking he has better leverage on the battlefield or at the peace table? This runs counter to all evidence and logic. There is no known instance when the North Vietnamese deferred to Chinese advice contrary to their own judgment. If anything, Hanoi has defied Peking in its conduct of the war as well as in its willingness to talk in Paris. Nor is there the slightest incentive for Peking to play Washington's game, while the disincentives are vital to Chinese perceptions of their own role in Asia as well as to the credibility of commitments elsewhere, from North Korea to Albania. Mao's championing of "small-power" interests against "superpower collusion" requires that China meet North Vietnam's needs, whatever the cost. Otherwise Mao risks all he has staked in the 12-year leadership dispute with Moscow.

Regardless of Peking's public pronouncements or its rumored reactions to the new escalation, its private support for Hanoi cannot be questioned. The US mining and interdiction by sea of supplies to North Vietnam provides China with a virtual monopoly of influence in the Indochina war. Its influence will prolong the fighting toward the ultimate, perhaps imminent, defeat of the US allies in Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam. This Chinese policy is dictated by ideology, by national interest and by power politics. This policy risked war with the US in 1965-68 when America had more than 500,000 troops on the Asian mainland, but Peking persisted. It will certainly accept that risk with only 60,000 troops remaining and the President seemingly backed against the peace wall by a hostile public and a forthcoming election. The question remains: does Nixon mean what he says? Or is he about to be called in his last big bluff?

Allen S. Whiting

Developing Our Rural Colonies

Three months ago, the President and Secretary of Agriculture Butz put before us a new, $1.3 billion plan to halt rural decay. The gist of it is that states would use federal government credit to guarantee bank loans for private business investment and public works. This fits in neatly with the administration's revenue-sharing idea, for it would turn over the rural development functions of several federal agencies to the states. Shortly after getting Mr. Nixon's plan, the House approved a rural development program of its own, rejecting revenue-sharing and instead expanding the Department of Agriculture's loans to businessmen and authorizing more money for rural public works.

Hubert Humphrey also has a plan—the "Rural Development Act of 1972." It too calls for more money and authority for Department of Agriculture loan programs, but it would set up an entirely new system to provide credit. Humphrey envisages a rural development bank with 10 regional branches. These regional banks would give credit to 300 to 500 District Rural Development Agencies, which would in turn make loans, rediscount the loan paper of existing banks and guarantee bank loans. The federal government would buy the capital stock of this banking system at a rate of $200 million a year for 10 years. Humphrey claims it would generate $4 billion in rural loans annually. Banks, businesses and local governments would be encouraged to buy stock in the district agencies, so that eventually the system would be privately owned. The Humphrey bill was reported out by the Senate Agriculture Committee but was picked apart on the Senate floor.

All these proposals share one assumption: rural growth can be stimulated by attracting industry through low-cost loans and other subsidies. That has been the guiding principle for a decade of federal, state and local governments, and with few exceptions, it has provided little more than a pork barrel for public officials and windfall subsidies to business.

Financially solid corporations are rarely attracted to depressed areas by the offer of low-cost loans or tax subsidies, and the companies that are attracted are usually marginal operations, desperate for cash but rarely capable of lasting long enough to give secure employment. Even when large, stable firms do move into rural areas, benefits to the community infrequently justify the subsidy. Of 4000 new jobs created by one Kaiser project in West Virginia, for example, only 600 went to local workers. Of some 8000 jobs created on Indian reservations by federal subsidies in past years, Indians got fewer than half. Studies of subsidized economic development in the Ozarks have concluded that the bulk of the new jobs went to out-

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siders. More outsiders mean shortages in housing and education and a higher cost of living; the local poor are often worse off after industrial development.

Neither administration nor Democratic urban development schemes come to grips with the takeover of locally owned farms and businesses by large absentee corporations. As ownership moves out of rural areas to regional financial centers and then to national centers like New York and Los Angeles, local economic benefits move out. Large corporations bank in headquarter cities, rather than where their plants are located. They tend to do business with national, not local suppliers. Promotions and opportunities for management jobs go to mobile executives willing to move where the company dictates, not to people rooted in the rural community. The newcomers have less interest in long-term investment in the quality of local education, community facilities or the environment. Much of rural America is becoming a kind of domestic colony run from distant board rooms for the benefit of distant investors and speculators. All the current legislative proposals would accelerate this trend.

If rural America is to be revitalized, we have to proceed on quite different principles. The first of these is priority for local ownership. Federal subsidies should be limited to enterprises where the majority of the ownership is in local hands. Assistance to land-grant colleges, for example, should be designed to encourage the improvement of *local* management and technical capabilities. Local cooperatives and community development corporations should be provided with the technical and financial aid that is now lavishly bestowed on large corporations. Federal assistance should be denied localities that underassess the real property holdings of corporations, a practice that puts an unfair burden on the local population.

Another principle is that decisions about where industry locates should be under some kind of public control. If we were to require federal or regional licensing for the location or relocation of plants above a certain size, we would eliminate much of the ruinous competition between rural communities that today are mortgaging themselves into bankruptcy in order to attract new business. If such licensing were dependent upon federal or regional approval of a local economic development plan, it would put teeth into federally funded regional, state and local planning agencies.

Finally, we ought to recognize that federal subsidies for what amounts to pirating firms from urban to rural areas, or from one rural area to another do not create net new employment for the nation. Far more important, if we're going to do something serious about hard-core rural poverty, are public service jobs in health, education and environment.

Geoffrey Faux

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Wealthy Is Not Healthy

Care You Can't Buy

National affluence, we long ago discovered, doesn't necessarily buy the best of health. "It was once assumed that rising incomes would lead to improved health," President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers wrote in its 1972 annual report. "But this assumption is now open to question." The US has the highest per capita medical expenditures in the world among major countries, yet the council reports that "our life expectancy at age 10, particularly for males, is below the average of the 22 countries belonging to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development." The report finds it "puzzling" that in relatively rich states—which tend to have the most medical care facilities and doctors—mortality rates are a little higher than in the rest of America.

There is growing sentiment that the present medical system is obsolete, having grown up helter-skelter without accommodating well to changing technology, expanding population, rising costs or rising expectations. Some estimates say between 35 million and 45 million Americans, mostly members of minority groups living in urban ghettoes and rural areas, don't get adequate care; it isn't available or they can't afford it. Nor do they have easy access to the health insurance plans issued by private companies and now covering almost four of every five Americans. The life expectancy of Indians, at 42 years, is 25 years less than whites. Infant mortality among blacks, at 31.4 per 1000 live births in 1970, was 80 percent higher than for whites.

For most Americans, the guard against high-cost illness has been insurance issued by private companies. Usually, access to such plans depends on employment, and it is therefore not surprising that many of the poor, including those not in the labor force, do not have adequate private coverage, if they have any at all. Moreover, for millions covered by private plans these are serious inadequacies: 34 percent of them lack insurance covering medical expenses in the hospital, 50 percent are without x-ray and lab coverage outside a hospital, 57 percent have no insurance covering doctor bills incurred outside a hospital and 95 percent lack insurance covering dental care. Senator Philip Hart, whose antitrust and monopoly subcommittee is studying the deficiencies of health insurance, estimates that insurance covers only about 47 percent of hospital and doctor bills and a mere five percent of such expenses as nursing care and drugs. The number of Americans covered by private medical insurance plans may be relatively large, but in addition to being shallow, coverage has not lowered medical costs. The prices of policies have been soaring.

Sylvester E. Berki of the University of Michigan's School of Public Health writes in the *Annals of the*

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American Academy of Political and Social Science: "In situations where medically considered appropriate services may be provided in alternative ways, both the patient and the physicians are likely to choose the way covered by insurance, whether or not that is economically efficient . . . Thus, for those who have hospital coverage but not ambulatory benefits, it is less costly to be hospitalized for a sequence of diagnostic x-rays and laboratory work even though the services could be equally well provided at significantly lower cost on an ambulatory basis. The insurance mechanism itself, therefore, offers an inducement for an inefficient use of resources because of its selectivity. Inefficiences and cost escalation also are invited by the form in which benefits are paid. With extremely few exceptions, health insurance plans are written to pay the provider of service on a 'cost plus' basis: hospitals are reimbursed for 'reasonable costs' of providing care and physicians at 'usual and prevailing' charges. The providers, therefore, not only have no incentives to choose efficient and less costly ways of supplying care but, on the contrary, are indirectly encouraged to use resource-intensive processes and to charge what the market will bear. Further, since the insurance carriers have rarely engaged in cost control and the patient pays the premium, the providers are in the best of economic worlds: I call the tune and you pay the piper."

The result of rising cost and inefficiency has been to convince Americans (by a majority of 2 to 1 according to a Harris poll) that a national health care insurance system is needed. There are about 40 such bills in Congress of which five might be called comprehensive.

For the most part, all except the Kennedy-Griffiths bill assume present health care market systems are acceptable but in need of improvement to some degree for certain parts of the population and in certain situations (mainly "catastrophic"). Thus the program proposed by Nixon would be underwritten, for employed persons, by private carriers working under federal regulations. There would be a federal program for the poor with dependent children and the present federal-state Medicaid programs for all other poor. The approach of the Nixon bill, as described by the Health Insurance Institute, would be to "mandate health insurance coverage through the employer-employee mechanism and establish civil procedures for non-compliance." The plan would "establish pool risks for groups not covered by other means [and] encourage with grants and loans the development of health maintenance organizations and permit families to elect this type of service." It would "increase output of health manpower with per-capita grant programs to medical-dental training centers, encourage proper distribution of health personnel under existing incentive legislation and continue Medicare for the aged." In short, the Nixon plan has something for nearly everybody, but it is complicated and based on the assumption that the present system can be made to work effectively.

Kennedy-Griffiths, contrariwise, would provide nearly all medical services to all the population without regard to income and without the requirement of any direct payment by the patient at the time service is required. This is how the Health Insurance Institute describes the bill's approach: "Scrap private health insurance plans and finance costs publicly through new and existing federal taxes. Scrap co-payment system. Absorb Medicare and Medicaid into the new system, to complete federal administration of all health care financing. Encourage group practice and preventive medicine through an incentive system. Establish funds to increase health manpower. Empower HEW secretary to promote proper distribution of health manpower and facilities." Unlike the Nixon plan, Kennedy-Griffiths aims at bringing the same benefits to rich and poor alike. Coverage would be mandatory.

What about cost? One HEW report said the Kennedy plan would cost taxpayers an additional $59.4 billion a year. But the estimate conveniently forgot that under the Kennedy bill private health care payments would be reduced by about $51.4 billion, so the true additional cost would be closer to $8 billion. Direct medical payments would be replaced by tax payments.

A sound national health care program should include some mechanism to keep a lid on prices. Hospitals probably should be regulated like public utilities if they want to share in federal funds, and some kind of controls would be needed on doctors' fees. A more sensible distribution of health care must be sought, probably through monetary incentives for doctor and hospital location. A national health system that aims primarily at preventive medicine needs more family doctors. Of the 278,500 doctors now in patient care, only 20 percent are general practitioners. Berki and Alan W. Heston, of the University of Pennsylvania's department of economics, have written that "not only is there scanty rationale to justify the implied physician/population ratios for surgeons (82,000 in the country), but there is ample evidence to suggest that the resulting 'overdoctoring' often involves unnecessary surgery." There also is regional maldistribution of health care services that a national health insurance program should correct. For the country, there are, on the average, 140 doctors per 100,000 persons. In New York State the average is 220 and in Mississippi less than 80. The number of doctor visits per year for white males is 4; for nonwhites it is 2.7. Thus a sound national health insurance plan would not only make medical care available to all people without financial tests or barriers, but would seek to correct the distortions and inequities in resources and manpower.

Robert W. Dietsch

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In Texas, Oklahoma and the Other States

The Delegate Scramble

by Paul R. Wieck

Austin, Texas

By the time the polls closed at 7 p.m., a long line of Precinct 331 voters had gathered outside the Athletic Club for the caucus. They were a mixed group of students, young couples with children and a sprinkling of conservatively dressed regulars. Four years ago, Precinct 331, the home base of Frank Erwin, former national committeeman and key figure in the Democratic organization, had been the scene of a bitter fight. In '68, Erwin's men stalled the meeting for half an hour while they rounded up enough backers to outvote the McCarthy students. This year, the precinct had a new chairman, a McGovern man who knew the new rules.

It was over quickly. The count gave McGovern 166 of the 248 persons who signed the rolls and the McGovern caucus got 13 of 18 delegates to the county convention. No other group had the necessary 20 percent so the ones who hadn't voted for McGovern regrouped, with all but a couple of Chisholm supporters joining the minority caucus. A few regulars walked out.

Precinct 331 isn't a student area; in fact, although it lies on the fringes of the university district, it's dominated by middle- to upper-middle-income voters with a conservative bias. Why, then, did the McGovern people win so easily? It was a pattern in many parts of Texas, by no means restricted to university areas. Similar things happened all over the state, both in urban and rural areas. McGovern did very well in Travis County (Austin), took half of Hays County (San Marcos, seat of Southwest Texas State) and was sure of controlling the five-country state senatorial district in which the Pedernales flows through the LBJ ranch. Preliminary returns indicated he was strong in El Paso, in the three senatorial districts of San Antonio, in three Houston districts and in scattered counties around the state.

The strong showing made by McGovern's well-organized forces, much of it coming from unexpected places, plus the success of the hastily assembled Wallace forces in a state where a powerful organization had had a firm grip on Democratic politics for a quarter of a century, has left even the McGovernites surprised. Is it possible they'll be able to work their way through the shambles and take as much as one-third of the largest delegation (130 votes) to be picked by the convention process this year?

It's true the Shivers-Johnson-Connally organization is in disarray in 1972. LBJ is back on the ranch. Connally has joined the Nixon administration and the heir-apparent, Lt. Gov. Ben Barnes, was wiped out in the gubernatorial primary. That leaves only Sen. Lloyd Bentsen, Jr., who refused to help out the party regulars by playing a favorite son role. In addition, a healthy segment of the financial and political power within the organization is satisfied with President Nixon and Sen. John Tower (R) and plans to vote Republican this year.

Under the Texas adaptation of the McGovern rules, proportional representation was required at a precinct level unless one candidate (all attending *had* to register a preference, although "uncommitted" was a permitted choice) had 70 percent. But at the level at which delegates will actually be chosen (the bulk from 33 senatorial districts), the winner can take everything. If preliminary reports are accurate, no one will have a clear majority in a lot of the senatorial districts and coalitions will have to be formed.

The big worry is the Wallace supporters. In Texas, they turned out in larger numbers than in any caucus state to date; however, the Wallace people generally lack organization, are completely unsophisticated about procedure and ignorant of the new rules. The result: In a number of precincts which split three ways, they joined the "uncommitted" or Humphrey caucuses and were systematically shut out of their share of representation. If this repeats itself at a county and senatorial district level, the regular party organization will have an easy time reasserting itself in the vast majority of the 33 senatorial districts (the McGovern people aren't near a majority in more than 8 or 10 of the 33).

It would be hard to overestimate the importance of the Texas situation in 1972. One need only remember Chicago in 1968 when a Texas delegation led by Connally and Mayor Daley's Illinois contingent anchored the Humphrey forces on the convention floor. Four years later Daley's Illinois is divided, with the organization controlling no more than half the delegates, and Texas seems up for grabs. Without Daley and Connally and large delegations firmly behind them, it's doubtful that the party's regular wing can keep control of events at Miami Beach. But in the event of a deadlock, who is to broker the convention?

To gauge the importance of convention states to the

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regulars, it's helpful to look at some of the statistics from the 1968 convention. The 33 states (excluding states like Pennsylvania and New York where large blocs of delegates were hand-picked by state committees in 1968) which named their delegates by conventions, gave Humphrey some 1020½ of 1299 votes. He picked up 22 of 23 from the territories (Canal Zone, etc.) for a total of 1042½ of his 1760¼ first-ballot votes. Of these, 798½ came from states or territories which still use the convention method.

To measure the deterioration of Humphrey support in these states, compare 1968 and 1972. Take, for example, Alaska. Humphrey had 17 of 22 delegates in 1968; the McGovern people claim all 10 allotted in 1972 (the new formula for apportioning votes has also cut into Humphrey's 1968 base strength in convention states). Arizona gave Humphrey 14½ of 19 in 1968; in 1972, McGovern is already claiming 9 of 25 and may pick up a share of the 9 Muskie votes. Idaho gave Humphrey 21 of 25. This year, McGovern has 8 of 17. Kansas gave Humphrey 34 of 38 but McGovern expects a minimum of 12 of 35 this year. North Dakota gave Humphrey 18 of 25 in 1968; McGovern has 10 of 14 in 1972. It's too early to put hard totals together for 1972, but it's also clear Humphrey will find it difficult to salvage half of the convention-state delegates in the face of the well-organized assault at a precinct level by the McGovern forces from coast to coast.

The precinct caucuses in Oklahoma, held the night before the Texas caucuses, illustrate the problem facing Humphrey in most convention states. Unlike Texas, the party structure in Oklahoma (and most other caucus states) is best described as an empty shell. Traditionally, caucuses are poorly attended. This year, the McGovern effort was hastily put together; however, the McGovern people overran the regulars in Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Norman, Stillwater and even scored in small, conservative communities. As a result they hope to pick up 20 of the 39 delegates from Oklahoma. They were told 15 was the magic number to keep Oklahoma in step with the McGovern "first ballot" win strategy. In 1968, Humphrey had 37½ of the 41 delegates from that state.

To suggest that anything near a majority of Oklahoma's Democrats prefer McGovern would be ridiculous; however, to pretend there's any enthusiasm for Humphrey would be equally false. A lot of people down there will tell you the folks are tired of Nixon, that Wallace is the only one catching on this year and that the voters are looking for a new face. Any kind of organization is a major plus in such a situation.

The Humphrey forces are talking in terms of 800 to 1200 first-ballot votes at Miami Beach, enough to give their man a running shot at the nomination when delegates committed to candidates like Muskie start moving on the second ballot (if it takes that long). Humphrey might have trouble hitting his minimum.

The South, prodded by Connally, was a bulwark of Humphrey strength at Chicago in 1968. Four years later, that's deteriorated. He had 94 of 110 votes from North Carolina and Tennessee in 1968; in 1972, both states switched to primaries and Wallace grabbed off the entire Tennessee delegation for at least the first ballot (the bulk for at least two) and 37 of 64 votes from North Carolina. He's also taken most of Florida (75 of 81) and Alabama, both of which gave Humphrey the bulk of their votes in 1968. Even McGovern is making inroads. He'll have at least a chunk of Texas (it went 100½ out of 104 for Humphrey last time) and stands to get up to 40 percent of Virginia (it gave Humphrey 42½ of 54 last time).

Nor is Humphrey holding up in the country's industrial heartland. Last time, he had 94 of 115 in Ohio; however, McGovern split it almost down the middle this time. He had 103¾ of 130 in Pennsylvania but will have trouble getting that percentage this time, and Wallace's 22 in Indiana (first-ballot votes) is a bigger chunk than Humphrey lost in 1968 (he had 49 of 63). Michigan looms as an even bigger problem. In 1968, HHH had 72½ of 96 from there, all chosen by a convention process. This year, he'll be lucky to salvage 40 percent in a three-way primary against Wallace and McGovern with the delegates to be apportioned according to the votes that go to the candidates.

Several general conclusions can be drawn from this. First, the McGovern Commission rules *are* working to the advantage of the two insurgent candidates—McGovern and Wallace. So are the increased number of primaries, particularly in Wallace's case. The party has been opened up and it will be difficult for the power brokers of the past to operate effectively in this new atmosphere.

Secondly, the regular party organization has lost touch with the voters so completely it's unable to operate effectively under the new rules. Texas is just one example of what happens when the rules give everyone a fair shot, at least in the first round.

Finally, Humphrey hasn't proved to be strong with what he calls the party's "progressive center." Texas is a good example. He has strong backing from some key elements (organized labor and the black community) of the old liberal faction of the party; however, the combination of the old liberal and conservative wings of the party, once bitter foes in intra-party squabbles, was unable to hold back the assault of the McGovern and Wallace forces. The signs of deterioration in Humphrey support (he stumped the state seeking it) in one of the anchor points of his strength in 1968 raises questions as to what kind of base he really has.

Can Humphrey make inroads where he didn't have support in 1968? It's doubtful. Massachusetts and Wisconsin have already gone McGovern and, in New Hampshire, the best he can hope for is to split the Muskie delegates. States like Colorado and New Mex-

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ico, both of which had strong McCarthy-Kennedy movements in 1968, don't look good for him in 1972. In New York, Humphrey picked up 96½ of the state's 190 delegates in 1968; however, his people wouldn't put slates together because the New York power brokers of 1968 are afraid of getting out-of-step with the voters. At last report, Humphrey will skip New York. He didn't do quite as well in Minnesota this year and Oregon looks like a McGovern state.

California is crucial, with its choice prize of 271 delegates. In 1968, Humphrey picked up only 14 of the 174 Kennedy delegates elected; however, he's in the primary this year and, by June 6, it may be the end of the road for the man from Minnesota. Clearly, he can't rely on his base of four years ago. It's crumbling and cracking from coast to coast.

With or Without the Moscow Summit

Toward a SALT Solution

by Herbert Scoville, Jr.

President Nixon was scheduled to leave for Moscow this week. Assuming that the military crisis does not cause cancellation of the summit at the last minute, either by Washington or Moscow, Mr. Nixon and Mr. Brezhnev will have their long-awaited opportunity to nail down an extremely significant agreement, limiting for the first time the nuclear arms of the United States and the Soviet Union. It will be tragic if the trip is postponed, again putting off an agreed halt to the strategic arms race which has already been delayed too long. Hopefully, the experience of the Czech invasion, when 15 months were lost, would not be repeated. This time the groundwork has been laid in the painstaking negotiations which have been going on for two-and-a-half years at Helsinki and Vienna. New treaty language has probably been pretty well worked out. Thus once the confrontation between the US and the USSR in Southeast Asia has been resolved, it should be possible to reach agreement on limiting strategic arms even without a summit. Both nations have a major interest in such an achievement at an early date.

While the negotiations plodded along, weapons arsenals rapidly expanded. Since January 1969, the Soviet Union has increased its ICBM force by more than 50 percent and has built up its submarine missile fleet from a few Y-class submarines to about 26, with another 16 under construction. The US has not been standing still. Instead of building new launchers, it is deploying multiple warheads which can be aimed at individual targets (MIRVs) on many of its ICBMs and submarine missiles. The number of deliverable warheads has risen from about 2600 to already more than 4000. The US has begun construction of its Safeguard ABM, and the Russians have resumed construction of their Moscow ABM after a lull of about three or four years. Had agreement been reached earlier to halt some of these programs, force levels on both sides would have been considerably lower today, security would have been better, and large sums would have been saved. The much advertised argument that we had to have new weapons as bargaining chips for SALT, and the insistence on seeking to limit ongoing Soviet programs without restricting our own have probably provoked the acquisition of similar Russian chips and only delayed agreement until the Soviets no longer had any great desire for further increases. This may now be the situation with ICBMs; the Soviet new launcher program appears to have been almost at a standstill since the summer of 1971, so an agreement may now be practical. In other areas, such as MIRVs, continued US deployments may have permanently foreclosed any agreed limitation until the Russians catch up.

A year ago, in May 1971, President Nixon gave a clue to the eventual outlines of a first-stage agreement on strategic arsenals when he announced that first priority in negotiations last year would be given to limiting ABMs, together with some restrictions on offensive weapons. Then, in February of this year, he said that an ABM agreement would cover all aspects of such defensive systems and, therefore, would be formalized

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in a treaty, while controls on offensive weapons would be less comprehensive and should be covered in the form of some sort of interim agreement. Finally, on March 24 he said that in view of Brezhnev's constructive remarks, there was a good chance of an accord in Moscow on both defensive and offensive limitations.

Apparently, our proposals originally sought an ABM ceiling that would have allowed the United States 300 defensive interceptors around two or three Minuteman sites (a position dictated by our ongoing Safeguard program), leaving the Russians 100 interceptors around Moscow (This is approximately the current Russian development; they have so far shown no inclination to build ABMs elsewhere.). This offer, not surprisingly, was unacceptable to the Soviet Union. Negotiations in the last nine months probably have succeeded in accommodating these two points of view, and some agreement probably will be reached in Moscow which allows both sides to deploy several hundred interceptors. The debate over the precise number of interceptors is a tempest in a teapot, since even 300 do not provide a useful defense against the type of forces available to either the US or the USSR. Admiral Moorer has recently testified that the "Moscow system, even with improved radars and more and better interceptors, could be saturated by a very small part of our total missile force." Allowing both sides to have as many as 300 missiles would thus be satisfactory from an arms control point of view, though if both countries boosted their forces to this permissible level instead of freezing them at their current level, it would be a waste of money, and it would be unfortunate to settle for an agreement which allows both sides to build up their forces unnecessarily.

More important, but less easily understood and probably less easily defined in treaty language is a check on ABM radars, the critical component in any ABM system. Because radars are easily detected by intelligence, a limitation can be verified without intrusive onsite inspection. If an ABM treaty is to be meaningful, neither nation should be allowed to have radars that cover a large part of the country. It would be useful, but not as essential, to limit their number as well as their location. Under the anticipated treaty, the United States would probably be allowed to build a small number of radars to protect one or two Minuteman sites in Montana and the Dakotas and the USSR to complete radars protecting the Moscow area. It would *not* be useful were the US to allow the Soviet Union to deploy radars to defend an area other than Moscow, in exchange for our being allowed to have radars at more than one Minuteman site or for some Soviet concession on submarine missiles. In the long run, this could increase the risk that the Soviet Union might build a nationwide ABM, which could erode our deterrent.

The importance of a treaty that prevented the acquisition of nationwide ABMs cannot be overestimated. For the indefinite future, it would freeze both sides into a position of stable mutual deterrence, regardless of any offensive weapons race. No nation can contemplate initiating strategic nuclear warfare when it has only a small ABM providing limited local protection, for it would then be helpless to prevent the devastation even a small retaliatory attack could bring. An ABM treaty would also dampen the incentive for continuing to develop new offensive weapons, as there would be no requirement to overwhelm any ABM. The impetus of the arms race would be blunted.

Restrictions on offensive weapons are harder to work out, but both nations could probably accept a numerical freeze on landbased ICBMs, and a sub-ceiling on very large missiles such as the much vaunted Soviet SS-9. For years, the US has had no plans for new ICBM launchers, and the Russians have not started any new ICBM launchers for about nine months. Since the Russians have about 200 old and nearly obsolete ICBMs, they could, under such a freeze, replace these with more modern designs. A sub-ceiling on large missiles may be more troublesome for the Russians, but their failure to start construction on more than about 30 new launchers since the summer of 1969 seems to indicate that they attach no high priority to this program.

If an ICBM freeze has little appreciable effect on existing programs of either the US or the Soviet Union, what is its value? From a strictly military point of view, not much. Politically, however, it is useful—if it is not used as a device to turn the arms race toward qualitative competition. A freeze would signal that the US and the USSR were at last willing to take some formal steps to stop the never-ending buildup of their nuclear arsenals. The sub-ceiling on large Soviet missiles would also have value within the United States. Fears expressed by Secretary Laird about the SS-9 buildup were the principal justification for the Safeguard ABM, the hardening of our Minuteman sites, the MIRVing of both Minuteman and Poseidon, and most recently, the accelerated development of ULMS, the follow-on missile submarine. If the Soviets formally agree to halt construction of additional launchers, strong arguments could be made that we should stop spending money on these programs of ours. Unfortunately, when a Soviet weapons buildup failed to materialize, Nixon and Laird this year shifted their rationale for more US weapons; they announced that even the present number of large Soviet launchers could threaten Minuteman, provided their missiles were supplied with accurate MIRVs. And indeed it has always been true that MIRVs, not the number of launchers, have been the critical item in the threat to Minuteman. If that is what the Russians do, the political gains from a freeze will be minimal.

In an interview in March, Secretary Laird stated that he could not accept an ABM limitation without an

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accompanying ceiling on submarine missiles, and the President on March 24 said that the US and the USSR were still very far apart on whether or not such missiles should be included. He said he had instructed Ambassador Smith to return to Helsinki to attempt to narrow the differences on this point. We don't know what success Mr. Smith has had. We do know that in the past the Russians have given every indication that they won't accept such a restriction unless other nuclear delivery systems, such as those the United States has based in Europe and on carriers, are also limited. However on May 1, the White House hinted that the President had persuaded Brezhnev to accept a ceiling on submarine missiles which probably would allow the Russians to complete those submarines now under construction. If this Soviet concession were extracted in exchange for permitting them to build a second ABM site, then it would be a very bad bargain. Submarine missiles, unlike ABMs, do not threaten any part of the US missile deterrent force and, anyway, according to the President, the Russians are far behind us qualitatively. Such a bargain would be a travesty of arms control.

What about the real offensive villain—MIRVs? I see little hope for any restrictions being put on these destabilizing weapons at this time. Serious talks on MIRVs have never taken place, despite the fact that the administration now claims that Russian MIRVs, not numbers of large ICBMs, are the biggest threat to Minuteman. This is another example of the momentum of a current US weapons program being allowed to override security and arms control considerations: instead of showing restraint during the past two-and-a-half years, the US has tested and extensively deployed MIRVs on both Poseidon and Minuteman III. On the other hand, the Russians, by Secretary Laird's own admission in February, have probably not tested a MIRV system, and Defense in March announced that the Soviets may even have abandoned their triplet multiple warhead program on the SS-9 and may turn for their MIRV carrier to a new missile, which has not yet been tested. If they require a new missile for their MIRVs, the Russian program is even farther behind the United States than most people thought, and it's doubtful whether the Soviet Union would agree to any restrictions until they have at least developed one MIRV system. The failure to achieve any limitation on MIRVs still does not mean that the strategic balance will be upset, for as noted, MIRVs do not threaten the submarine portion of the deterrent, which remains intact as long as ABMs are rigidly controlled.

If a treaty limiting ABMs to low levels, even with only a marginally useful agreement on offensive weapons is obtained, it will be acclaimed as a first, very important step. However, if the USSR is allowed to expand its ABM beyond the Moscow area, we will have sacrificed one of the greatest gains from SALT. While there will be some criticism of a severe ABM limitation from the Goldwater-Jackson wings of the Congress and conservative groups supported by the military-industrial complex, the President has sufficient and broad enough public support to get such a treaty ratified without major concessions and need not bow to pressures from these quarters. If past experience is any guide, opponents will also use the occasion of a SALT treaty to push for every possible weapons program which is not specifically banned. In 1963, President Kennedy felt that he had to succumb to these pressures in order to assure an overwhelming vote in support of the Limited Test Ban Treaty. In retrospect, the concessions were probably unnecessary and similar ones are almost certainly unnecessary today. Almost any limitation endorsed by the President will be approved at home.

Since so much in the current defense budget has been justified in the name of ensuring the security of our deterrent against growing Soviet missile forces or ABMs, or as bargaining chips for getting the Russians to halt their programs, it would be logical after an agreement for the administration to review the proposed defense budget and recommend significant cutbacks. Logical but not likely. Any cutbacks will have to come from the Congress, spurred on by the public. In the Senate hearings on the current military authorization, Senator Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee and no foe of the Pentagon, hinted at such a review after SALT.

Our NATO allies will appreciate an ABM limitation, for it would improve the effectiveness of the French and British independent nuclear deterrents. Apart from this, the agreement will have no direct military effect on NATO-Warsaw bloc relationships. There may be fears that the deterrent against Russia in Western Europe would be weakened by the specific acknowledgement of the posture of mutual US-USSR deterrence. But rational analysis should lead to a realization that European safety is strengthened more by shutting off the arms race than by threatening a nuclear war.

In conclusion a treaty limiting severely ABMs would by itself be the first significant advance toward halting the nuclear arms race. It would, and should, be welcomed at home and abroad. A treaty which allowed both sides to build up their ABMs would be of much less significance. Moreover, the reluctance to check such US weapons programs as MIRVs has resulted in delaying agreement and narrowing and reducing the scope of limitations on offensive weapons to the point that any agreement here probably will be of marginal value even though it includes submarines. It would not affect any ongoing US program and provide little constraint on the USSR. Finally, great diligence will be needed to ensure that after such a treaty the arms race is not allowed to leap forward in new, uncontrolled areas.

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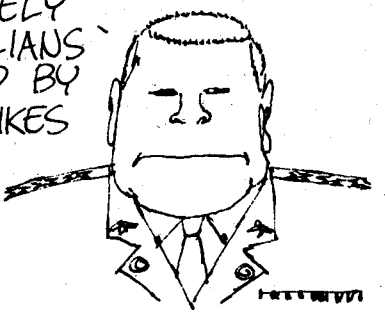
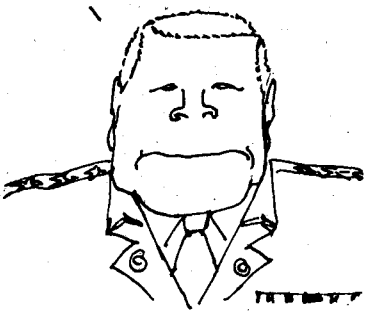
STUDIES BY THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF AND THE DEPT. OF DEFENSE INDICATE THAT APPROXIMATELY 52,000 CIVILIANS WERE KILLED BY U.S. AIR STRIKES IN NORTH VIETNAM.



B-52 ATTACKS IN SOUTH VIETNAM ALONE MAY HAVE ACCOUNTED FOR 16,000 DEAD AND A LIKE NUMBER OF WOUNDED IN 1968...

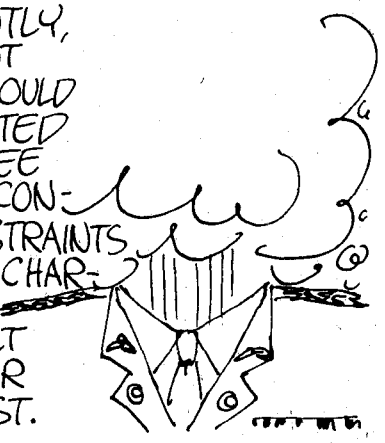
AND AN IMPLIED KILL RATE OF 1300 PER MONTH IN SOUTH VIETNAM.



HOWEVER, WE DID NOT SERIOUSLY AFFECT THE FLOW OF MEN AND SUPPLIES TO COMMUNIST FORCES IN SOUTH VIETNAM.

AND WE DID NOT REDUCE NORTH VIETNAM'S RESOLVE TO CONTINUE THE CONFLICT.

CONSEQUENTLY, THE PRESENT AIR WAR SHOULD BE CONDUCTED SO AS TO FREE US OF THE CONFINING CONSTRAINTS WHICH HAVE CHARACTERIZED THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR IN THE PAST.



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Stanley Kauffmann on films

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg

(Columbia)

My Uncle Antoine

(Gendon)

Fritz the Cat

(Cinemation)

"Sitting about like Joe Egg" is an English phrase which, in American, is "sitting around like a bump on a log." A young English couple have a helpless, mute, spastic daughter of ten named Josephine, or Jo. They call her Joe Egg.

The English playwright Peter Nichols began with an overwhelming situation in his play, *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*. The manner in which the parents treat their vegetable child is utterly antiheartbreak: jokes, irreverences, improvised conversations and reactions and thoughts for the inanimate, putty-like child whose only signs of life are occasional epileptic fits. The horror, the irrationality of the horror, is slashed into us through the breezy jokes and flippancies and memories and sexiness of the young parents.

But, as noted, it is a situation. Not a play. The first half, when I saw it on Broadway a few years ago, was harrowing in a pleasurably painful way; the second half was padded to make it full-length, and it strained to make a drama grow where none had been predicated. A painful situation is not necessarily a dramatic one. So Nichols brought in the husband's mother and another married couple and tried to work up a quasi-attempt by the young father to let the child die and added some other stuff about the young mother's possible infidelity. It ended with the child's recovery from near-death, yet again, and the father's departure because he felt he had no chance against the child in the mother's life.

I've described the play because, allowing for suitable changes, it is also Nichols' screenplay. He brings in the mother-in-law and the other couple somewhat earlier, but the immediate iron grip of the work, the loosening, the patent attempts to tighten it, and the unpredicated ending are still there. (No slightest hint at the beginning that the husband's marital situation is so desperate he may leave. His wife even promises him later the sex that he wants when he comes home from work.) At least two things are true about this picture: it's unsatisfying, and it's not to be missed. Nichols writes springy, stabbing dialogue, and the first hour or so is unforgettable.

The performance of Alan Bates as the young father is a mixed matter, too. Bates is very certainly growing as an actor. He has more variety in his voice, attack in his speech, vitality in his face—his eyes are much more use to him than they were when he began. None of this is mechanical, all of it is a matter of improved technique as an instrument of imagination. His upper lip is still distractingly immobile, and it keeps his speech from complete incisiveness, neither of which is a small point, particularly in a film actor; but he is serious, hard-working, and in this film, sometimes moving. Compared with Albert Finney, who played it on Broadway, Bates is straitened and somewhat shallow. This is especially notable when he slips into the flashback imaginary roles of a German physician or a hearty clergyman. Compared with Finney, Bates is a reputable road-company replacement. Uncompared with Finney, he has a pretty good grip on the part's humanity.

Janet Suzman, who played half the title role of *Nicholas and Alexandra*, is somewhat more in command as the mother. (She does have bad luck with her screen children. First a hemophiliac, now a spastic.) If she lacks a strong personality, she is still a very competent actress.

Peter Medak, the director, made a first picture called *Negatives* (1968) which was an artily busy disaster. *Joe Egg*, in its camerawork and editing, errs at the other extreme, on the edge of stodginess. In some scenes we are conscious of theater set-ups, arbitrarily interrupted with close-ups or reverse shots. And Medak's direction of Bates' irritating mother is much too heavy-handed. Overall, however, he has placed his story before us with care and sympathy, if not with brilliance.

The trouble with criticizing an unusual work, when one must, is that it may get to sound like a usual one. *Joe Egg* is not a run-of-anyone's-mill film. It's a faulty but intelligent and interesting picture, like the play from which it came. Inevitably it raises the question of Divine Will and, in general, raises it fairly delicately. The mother believes that the fact the child is "just alive" is itself a miracle. The father thinks of God, when he thinks of him, as a "manic depressive rugby player." It is the parents, of

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Isherwood's Berlin is the rather remote begetter of this glittery musical. Much better than average, just not as important as it thinks.

The French Connection. Sappy but zappy. A thorough thriller, about drugs in Marseilles and Brooklyn. Gene Hackman heads a heads-up cast.

Gumshoe. A breezy but bored Liverpool night-club comic opts for the Bogart life and lingo. Albert Finney keeps the fantasy funny.

The Hospital. George C. Scott blasts off in a wobbly but often bright Paddy Chayefsky script about a middle-aged New York doctor and his young doxy.

Pocket Money. A modern, funny anti-Western. Paul Newman and Lee Marvin are endearing as two cattle-buying bumblers. Rambles, but very pleasantly.

The Sorrow and the Pity. A 4½ hour documentary—the shortest 4½ hours conceivable—about occupied France and some survivors today. Intelligent, humane, truly unforgettable.

Tokyo Story. A gentle masterpiece by Yasujiro Ozu, about parents and children and the passage of one's life. If any of these subjects happens to interest you, insist that a local manager book it—from New Yorker Films.

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Sedulus on TV

Nick Johnson's Answer

Something called the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting has been pushing the courts and commissions—all those potentates of the public interest—to get TV time for the poor saps who haven't got any. A young lawyer, Tracy Westen, is behind much of the mimeographed pleading by the NCCB, and he recently pointed out, in a summary statement to the Federal Communications Commission, that the Fairness Doctrine as conceived and occasionally practiced has only obliged broadcasters to air the various sides of *going* controversies; it "has not functioned admirably to require licensees to cover whole topics or programs they wish to avoid." Right-O. The commercial TV people have locked themselves into a box of programming idiocy to keep their ratings and their advertising; that's noncontroversial.

Yet if there is one thing worse than having to watch "Hogan's Heroes" and aspirin ads it is having to listen to political issues being treated *fairly*, with every Republican balanced somewhere by a Democrat and the viewing public falling asleep from Nome to Key West. Maybe Agnew wants "fairness" but he has himself been successful as a model of unfairness; let us not forget that the first requirement of TV is that it be *alive*, fair or unfair. I am not at all sure that to require the private potentates to parcel out their domains evenhandedly to all parties would produce the marvelous new age of TV ideological, esthetic and experiential spaciousness the earnest reformers would like; it might instead give us vegetarians at seven, astrologers at eight, and the beekeepers' union at nine—with nobody in charge, nobody left on the programming front with enough power or spirit left to make a channel something not to be turned off. In the old-fashioned print media this issue is the fateful one of the rights of editors, and it seems to me that the issue remains live and fateful for TV programmers too. Who will first do the selecting, and then the red penciling? Or will nobody? Or will a committee?

Now onto the programming scene, huffing and puffing, comes the Justice Department, seeking to break up the networks' monopolistic ways with prime-time shows. There is dubious merit in taking powers from networks so that advertising agencies or other ratings watchers may have them (like taking Western Electric away from AT&T and giving it to ITT?); the virtues of trust-busting are many but do not include any necessary or even likely improvement in programming—so in a sense Justice's move is a red herring. Whatever may come (years hence) of this furore, it seems clear that so much attention from so many places to the prerogatives of the commercial programmers will in the end make for yet more neuroses among network moguls—an undesirable result if only because we need vigor rather than defensiveness and feelings of persecution where big TV decisions are made.

Which is not to sympathize with the networks. As Nicholas Johnson said recently they have brought their troubles on themselves. They have been unwilling to make the public-interest decisions that might have kept earnest reformers from moving to make the decisions for them, and so they are now reaping the muggy whirlwind of legal attacks upon their powers. In Johnson's words, "At the recent FCC hearings we were unable to get the broadcasters to state *their* proposals, *their* alternatives. Of course, we'd prefer that the industry act voluntarily rather than have government impose standards. But we've been waiting for broadcasting to grow up for 50 years. Television is over 20 years old and still hasn't reached a fraction of its promise. Where are the men and women with vision and foresight and a greater dedication to the long-term welfare of their country than to the short-term profit of their corporations?"

Johnson says that "profit-maximation" and "idea-maximation" are fundamentally at odds, and that the only way to overcome the conflict is to place on all broadcasters the same structural restraints. Otherwise it's against the economic interest of any single broadcaster to break out of the lowest-common-denominator, noncontroversial bag on his own. Johnson's solution for "fairness" is a package of "access" reforms. To wit: the right to pay for editorial "spot" announcements, or "advertorials," as they were dubbed by the editors of the *Harvard Law Review*; the right to free time for the airing of indivduals' points of view, maybe 15 minutes during prime-time and 15 minutes during the rest of the day (on the West Coast now, during such periods, several stations are offering 60-second slots to all comers for "free speech messages"); the right to free time for so-called "counter-commercials" to provide some consumer education in light of the constant spate of product commercials; a free "letters to the editor" program for every radio or TV newscast; an over-all fairness obligation for the three-year license term; the right of "equal opportunity" for bond issues and other ballot questions, similar to that for political candidates; and the right of reply to all editorials on all subjects. Johnson says that his "package" is intended to "substitute for [the Fairness Doctrine's] more objectionable burdens" an arrangement "to give the people of this country the rights of access now shared only by the likes of General Motors and Procter & Gamble." And the President of the United States. Hear, hear.

Two In Us

There are two in us: one,
beautiful and compassionate,
loves animals, light and silence,

feeds foreign children
and lost cats; the other
knows darkness and tears girls

and runs hotly all night
whining from law and order
thinking of blood

in its dreams.
Killer-Priest; Counselor-
Corrupter; Rapist-Lover.

And even the better half
is never quite certain
it has not left something

buried furiously among bushes
in the vacant lot
or in the old well.

Michael Niflis

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Reed Whittemore on publishing

Climbing the Wall

I've been sitting regularly now for nearly three years in a pleasant *New Republic* office in Washington where, every weekday, the mailman deposits a sackful of review copies of new books. We have not achieved women's lib in the office yet, so Dianne each morning opens the sack and opens the book bundles and spreads the day's loot out on a large table for me and other high functionaries to inspect. I usually pick out three or four for a close look, and cart them over to my desk and sit down with them; the rest lie on the table until sundown, when Dianne places them on a lower shelf of the great Review Copy Wall. The Review Copy Wall will hold perhaps five hundred books when it is full, and it frequently is. Nineteen of 20 books received are never reviewed but deposited on the Wall, where they slowly ascend to the top two shelves. Books on the top two shelves have been in the office a month or two. A truck arrives, takes books away—and for a day or two the top shelves are empty.

Herman Melville could have made a mighty allegory out of this. At least his speculations would have been mighty as to why the books keep rising to the ceiling rather than descending to the floor; but what impresses me is not the majestic meaning of the process but the ease with which we who work in that office arrived at the process. When we began we had no system and no notion of a system. We had an untrained room that had a bookcase in it; and when the world's publishers were told to send their wares to that room rather than to a room in New York where my predecessor had received them (for all I know his books had moved sideways out the window) the books began to come in and we haphazardly put them on the big table, haphazardly put them on the lower shelves, haphazardly began pushing them up as they disqualified themselves. Yet out of this mindlessness came the inexorableness.

This is the first of two articles.

If books were Chevrolets our inability to ride in all of them would not matter, but since they are not Chevrolets our reading problem as a nation is severe. There is nothing to keep us from reading the most defective products of the assembly line except a relative handful of reviewers who, even if they were not, as they inevitably are, motivated by friendships and other dubious relevancies, would be unable unerringly to choose books for review anyway, would be unable to read one-tenth of the books on the Wall. And so we in the literary business sit around watching the books climb the Wall. Sometimes in the middle of the night it occurs to us that somebody should *do* something.

So Dianne has a truck come and clear off the top shelves, and *The New Republic* comes out each week with its little collection of reviews; and as we do all this I stare at the waxing and waning of the book supply and remember that in my infancy the shelves I had to stare at were lined with Classics. In my grandmother's house we had Great Books, and we especially had uniform sets of about two dozen authors I didn't want to read. But one summer I found one novel (in three gorgeous blue volumes) that I did want to read: *The Count of Monte Cristo*. It sat in the midst of a uniform set of Dumas, and I proposed to take it off to camp with me. Could I? I could not. But in fear that I might be discouraged from reading forever, somebody went downtown and bought me a cheap *Count of Monte Cristo* and I read it and was saved—but not from my doubts about the motives behind bookshelves.

Maybe it is worse to have books that look cultural on the bookshelves than books that look gory, sexy and relevant, but in either case a book is a commodity, not a joy, not a fount, not a loved one. We in America have been badly led astray by the commodity philosophy of creation. We have been led astray not only by the grubbers but by many of our alleged large talents like Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald, Philip Roth, Norman Mailer, James Dickey. The failure begins early, in the minds of every juvenile writer. His confusion is unlimited because we (professional teachers, writers, publishers) have given him the confusion that *we* have: on the one hand he seeks refuge from criticism in the myth that each little squeal from his self is somehow self-justifying, healthy, worthwhile in some psychic or spiritual sense, and on the other he will not be driven from the illusion that his little self will soon be triumphing over other selves in the open market. At no time does he think of his writing in other-than-self terms. Always it is show-and-tell, with hopes of profit. This is what romantic expressionism has come to. And that is what fills the Wall.

Fifty years ago that great literary critic P. G. Wodehouse described two kinds of poets in an amusing novel, *Leave It To Psmith*, that has just been reissued (Beagle Books, 95¢). One kind of poet was a "modern" poet, and he was sullen and self-centered and the author of such incomprehensible lines as "Across the pale parabola of joy." The other was a "nature" poet and a she, and she was wont to observe that the wisps of morning mist were the elves' bridal veils. This latter personage turned out also to be a crook. Perhaps we haven't fallen so far in 50 years. At heart the scene is the same, and is marked as much by ignorance as fraud. Whether you're a highbrow poet writing murkily about the pale parabola of joy or a lowbrow poet looking for new tropes for the dawn, you are, as P. G. kept saying about poets, putting on an exhibition. Show-and-tell.

Show-and-tell is built deep into the Western art of rhetoric, so American capitalism shouldn't take all the blame; but the old forms of show-and-tell were less nakedly individualist. They existed within traditional authoritarian frameworks, so that even the most audacious sophistry had at least the intellectual demand upon it that it conform to laws and conventions of argument. Those were serious intellectual demands, learning demands; they forced the self to adopt other-than-self or beyond-self standards in the organization of a statement or statement-series, even if the matter of the statement was rooted in spleen. Not any more. The modern young writer imagines that he is a tremendous powerhouse ready to emit juice spontaneously; and this image of the poet's or novelist's function fits beautifully with his capitalist, self-made-man projections—the poet as millionaire, the novelist as tycoon.

I have written too much all my life—or at least written too much for print (there would seem to be no limit to the need to practice in private)—because I have chosen the American commodity-way. And when I think there are 50,000 others out there who have written more than I, and that many of them have done so with even fewer scruples about the sin of word-pollution, the enormity of our

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problem comes over me. I see us slowly being *not* asphyxiated by car fumes, and *not* drowned in oil, and *not* submerged in old tin cans, but buried intellectually, spiritually and physically by Mickey Spillane, Norman Mailer, Simenon (anyone may supply his own list here of production masters), by Doubleday, Random House (here again anyone may supply a list of the publishers with the most get-up-and-print), and by a whole fleet of journalists and the like who make their living by words. How to stop the flood? I would be personally quite willing to pay an intelligently devised *word tax*, perhaps because I am one of the lesser offenders and would be invigorated by what the tax might do to the big offenders. Thus for 10,000 newly minted and printed words in a year there would be no tax, but after that there would be a progression up to say 100,000 words, at which point the tax would be confiscatory (every red cent made on the words would be given over to the ten-billion dollar anti-word-pollution program).

But assuming that that is not a practical solution I turn to the word industrialists at the top levels, namely the publishers themselves, for aid. Of course they too are disturbed by the flood. A few years ago it seemed that the only way to get ahead in the industry was to match or outproduce or outadvance the other producers; so each aspiringly big publisher aimed at a 20 foot bookshelf of his own that he could package and sell whole. But slowly it has become apparent that there is only finite space in the world's booknooks, and that the competition for that space is murderous. So there are rumblings of change.

I was interested, for example, to read an interview with William Jovanovich of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in the recent 100th anniversary issue of *Publishers Weekly*. Jovanovich is one of the most respected of New York's publishers. He is learned, speculative; he talks well on any publishing subject; and within the industrial context of his observations in *PW* one could not ask for more wisdom. It was pleasant to learn that his company was trying to cut back its seasonal lists to about two-thirds of what they have been for the last five years. If all the other publishers would do the same my Wall would not be affected much but I'd *feel* better. The tide would have turned, we could hope for sanity in 2100 A.D. maybe.

And yet, except for the intelligence and even-handedness of Jovanovich's remarks, I found myself finally unnerved by his vision. It was the commodity vision, inescapably and forever. It was books in terms of quantities, dollars. It was the mathematics of culture but not the culture itself. Does the culture itself exist, can it exist independently of the mathematics?—not, I think, according to our present arrangements. I found considerable irony in Jovanovich's concluding remarks about freedom; he said that book publishing was still the "best hope and last bastion of free expression and civil liberties in the United States," and yet for most of his interview he was talking like a behaviorist. It is not merely that he has been involved with B. F. Skinner and others in programmed learning projects (the projects aren't working, he says; "computer system instruction . . . is an idea waiting for its time"), but that he appears consistently to see his publishing role as that of an intelligent observer of cultural behavior patterns, who develops a feel for their directions and is thus prepared with the appropriate books at the appropriate times. This may be the prime entrepreneurial role; I am not faulting it but pointing out that to accept it as the lead role in the selection as distinguished from the selling of books is to accept the destinies of an outside, running-by-itself system that a Daddy Warbucks can capitalize on. This role is one that Jovanovich calls simply writing (or publishing) to the times, but it seems to me more than that; it is a submission to the philosophy of seizing the day, not of trying to make over the day. A day that as badly needs reforming as ours needs a different philosophy at the highest levels of writing or publishing. Otherwise the seized day is just going to get worse; the movement will be all downward. Yet even the university presses are seizing the day, though they are tax exempt so that they may be relieved of some of the pressures for doing so: Harvard for example is reported to be cutting its publishing program in half, eliminating those books that do not look potentially profitable! The need for improving the Harvard Press's bookkeeping and for cutting down its large annual deficit was cited; newspaper reports suggest that the need was definitely there. Yet the result of the need appears to have been a change of the press's leadership, putting the money men in charge.

Jovanovich is a modest prophet—without sounding godlike he notes that "fiction is weakening," and he personally

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looks to biographical and autobiographical writing for "tremendous growth" in the '70s. Very well—but that is behavioral talk; what does he say *after* that? What does anyone in publishing or writing do with the discovery, to be made daily, that in *any* of the genres, as they rise up the wall, the cheap and tawdry are driving out the moderate, the intelligent, the long and truly felt? It was all very well in the old days to sit passively on the sidelines watching with amusement the antics of best sellerdom, while something called Serious Literature (those classics on my Gramma's wall?) went on its own separate way. But the separation, if it ever existed, has broken down, and the finitude of booknook space (as well as the finitude of mere mental space in the national head) is upon us. If the novel is in trouble (and I would agree with Jovanovich that it is) it is so very largely because of the incursion of a horde of opportunists playing around with sex and pop and other bright saleables. The same is true of biographies and autobiographies, where at one extreme we have Clifford Irving's singular contribution to literary depravity and at the other a bunch of *professed* put-ons such as the dreary and pointless new *Tarzan Alive* (by Philip José Farmer, Doubleday, $5.95), described as "a Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke." In between are dozens of hastily pasted together accounts of prominent political and entertainment figures, all timed for particular occasions. Seizing the day.

The inexorableness of the production of the commodities on the great Wall is itself a product of the commodity *vision* of books. We may talk of the freedoms but the commodity vision tells us of Irving Wallace, who has just been offered $2.5 million for four books he has yet to write. Jovanovich did not mention Irving Wallace; his firm does not publish Irving Wallace; but these are the books that nonetheless will continue to fill up a large portion of the Wall.

To be governed finally—in writing or publishing—by what will *sell* is not, I submit, to be free to exercise one's best judgment of what is good and what is bad to write or publish; but no writer Warbucks or commercial publisher, not even one as concerned with humane values as Jovanovich, can admit this. He has to keep assuming that the commodity system somehow enforces a value system rather than constantly threatening it. He has to keep imagining that the masses in their purchases will keep sending back wisdom signals, value signals, when in fact what they send back is orders for the tawdry, and are thereby further corrupted by the tawdry, and so order more of the tawdry. Jovanovich fears totalitarianism, but the inexorableness of the commodity system deserves a little fearing too. The goddam Wall is full again.

Talking Through Their Heads

Bob Dylan: An Intimate Biography

by Anthony Scaduto

(Grosset & Dunlap; $7.95)

Bob Dylan: A Retrospective

edited by Craig McGregor

(William Morrow & Co.; $2.95)

Lennon Remembers

by John Lennon

(Straight Arrow Books; $4.95)

Our Time: Interviews from The East Village Other

edited by Allen Katzman

(Dial Press; $2.65)

Remember what we Americans thought of the young, of kids, ten years ago? Before the Beatles, Bob Dylan, Abbie Hoffman? Our old style is evoked rather nicely by music critic Robert Shelton; back in 1963 he reviewed a performance by Bob Dylan, then a month short of his 22nd birthday. "Despite the singer's age," Shelton wrote, "he is very deeply concerned with the world around him. He cares about war, poverty, injustice and discrimination." Despite his youth.

You came a long way, babies; but now the youth revolution is over. The civil rights demonstrations (with appearances by Joan Baez, Pete Seeger, Bob Dylan); the antiwar rallies (with Dylan's "Blowin' in the Wind" as a theme song); the Newport Folk Festivals (with Dylan's triumph in 1962 and debacle, with amplified rock'n'roll, in 1965); the political protests, culminating in the self-destroying Weathermen (named from a Dylan song); the alternate culture (whose inhabitants said, in Dylan's words, "I ain't gonna work on Maggie's Farm no more")—they're all shrouded in mist now and turning legendary. If there's a Yippie-style protest in San Diego or Miami this summer, it will be merely an exercise in wistful nostalgia—unless of course the Mining

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of the Waters changes everything *again*.

Clearly it's time to look back. What we see is still too complex to be understood, but surely the emergence of youth is significant. For a while youth ran loose, showering us in exuberance, disrespect, gullibility, sexuality, vulgarity, anarchism, faddishness, hedonism, moral righteousness, and noise. The Beatles hover over it all, but in our own pop culture the single most influential person was surely Bob Dylan. He came on as a folk singer and put down Tin Pan Alley; he brought protest songs almost singlehandedly out of the IWW-Depression bog and into the Cold War era; he forced rock'n'roll on his conservative fans as authentic pop-culture music, not merely a cheap fad or a quaint British extravagance; and then he turned again and went off into his own world, no *poete engagé* but a settled and intensely private family man. And reluctantly or enthusiastically, pop music tried hard to follow him wherever he went, despite all his put-downs, his warnings, and his lies, lies, lies about himself.

Anthony Scaduto's biography is especially good at untangling those lies, woven when Dylan and his flacks first practiced to deceive his fans, peers, and potential employers. Scaduto won Dylan's partial and temporary approval, and the resulting conversations are both readable and enlightening. They do away with many of the old stories about Dylan's childhood—the cruel parents; the rebellious kid who ran away eight times and was brought back seven; the wanderer from Gallup, Cheyenne, Sioux Falls, Fargo, Burbank—and they make it clear why Dylan wasn't that kind of kid: he was too busy studying.

Dylan worked a lot harder to become a pop musician than most people do to earn a Ph.D. He was born in Duluth in 1941, alias Robert Allen Zimmerman, and he grew up in Hibbing, Minn., a small mining town next to the Mesabi Iron Range. In New York City, in 1961, he cut his first solo album. That's a long, fast trip. Deduct some necessary time for toilet training and learning to read, and what's left is too valuable to be spent wandering. He had to make a world. "When I was a little girl," said former girl friend Echo Star Helstrom, Hibbing "was a happy place to be, but when I grew up it was like having fancy goldfish and plain goldfish in one bowl, and the plain goldfish would kill the fancy just for being fancy." But young Bob set out to be fancy. Before he was in

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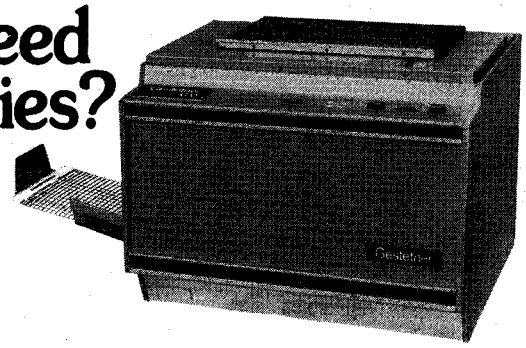

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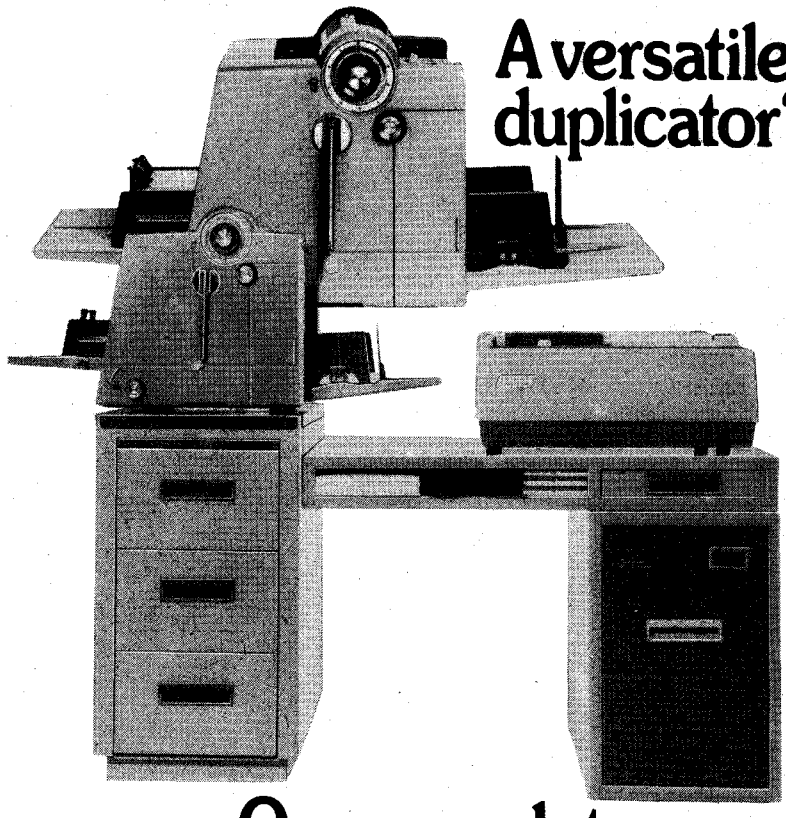

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his teens he had taught himself piano, harmonica, and guitar; by ninth grade he had organized the first of several combos, and he was already deep into rhythm and blues and hillbilly music, already a rebel against Hibbing values. "He'd make music with one bunch of guys," an acquaintance remembers, "and when he felt he took that as far as it could go he'd move on to another group where he could learn more." Even Echo was profitable, because she was also an outsider and was tuned in to the same counterculture music. "Everyone else in town was so square," she recalls, "but we could . . . speak the same language."

That meant talking about Hank Williams, Muddy Waters, B. B. King . . . until *Blackboard Jungle* came to town in 1955, with Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock," which turned Dylan on to another world, Buddy Holly and Elvis Presley and especially Little Richard. Years later, after Dylan's fans had undergone vicarious crises of conscience over his switch to rock'n'roll, he harked back to these high school days:

> Look, I always wanted to be Little Richard. If ya don't believe me, look in my ole high-school yearbook. I used to stand there with a piano and scream and everybody laughed at the amps. I came to New York an' got into folk 'cause that's what was, man . . . . Suddenly people were doin' me—I had the bread an' fame—so like I reverted to high-school—eleventh grade to be exact.

"Everybody laughed at the amps" and at Dylan's performances, too; there was almost no outside approval—and not just in Hibbing. After high school he went down to Minneapolis as a freshman at the U. of Minn., and immediately looked for gigs in Dinkytown coffeehouses. By now folk had become fashionable, with Harry Belafonte, the Kingston Trio, the Weavers (remember when the Weavers' "Saints" was banned as Communistic?), and he came on as Bob Dylan, folk and hillbilly singer; but to no applause. "He really was driving business away, he sang so badly," according to one listener. "He was always off key, way off key, and after he'd sing for a while people would leave. He drove me nuts and he drove other customers nuts too."

But he kept on. He dropped out of school; his white bucks, buttondown shirts, and short hair gave way to Beat looks; Belafonte and the Kingston Trio gave way to Jesse Fuller, Big Bill Broonzy, Odetta, and Woody Guthrie. Woody's biography, *Bound for Glory*, gave him an idol and a goal, and in the winter of 1960 he headed for New York. He left few fond memories behind him.

> Basically, nobody liked him very much [recalls one acquaintance]. He was arrogant, boorish, aggressive. I think people sort of enjoyed hearing him sing, but he didn't have a very engaging personality. Most of us disliked him as a person.

> He knew more Guthrie songs than Guthrie knew [says another]. He had this Guthrie accent, and it sounded like phony shit. I remember thinking: "Why the hell would a kid his age want to be somebody else?"

After a decade of testimony from middle-class, small-town kids, that last question is easily answered. Zimmerman became Dylan, and Dylan took on a fake biography and a fake accent and all the rest of his complicated artificiality, because the American middle class is so definitely where it's not at and never will be. Like his contemporaries and successors, Dylan was forced into unreal costumes, life styles, and voices because he had no legitimate cultural heritage deeper than Sears clothing styles, Tin Pan Alley music, and Main Street ethics. He could take the high road of the dandy (as the Beatles did) or the low proletarian road, but there was no way to become Dylan without faking it.

New York has an undeserved reputation as a tough town. Dylan couldn't make it in Minneapolis' Dinkytown, among the radical underground types; they spotted his sources, saw through his lies, and tabbed him quickly as a hardnosed loner on the make. But his first evening in Greenwich Village he performed in the Cafe Wha? and won hearts (and a place to stay) with his innocent looks and naiveté; in a few days he had visited the dying Guthrie, Guthrie's family, and Bob and Sid Gleason's East Orange home where Guthrie spent weekends and where the most prestigious folk singers gathered. Woody liked him. ("Pete Seeger's a singer of folk songs, not a folk singer," he said. "But Bobby Dylan is a folk singer. Oh, Christ, he's a folk singer all right.") The others liked him too, and he played regularly in Village coffeehouses. By April, 1961, he had a union

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card and a booking at Gerde's Folk City; by the end of the year he had recorded his first album. His own songs were getting to be known; Joan Baez was mothering him and pushing his career; he was on his way.

Scaduto is detailed and interesting about the musical and mental changes that followed, and Craig McGregor has collected some of the most significant published reactions to Dylan's career. The shift from folk and protest to rock 'n'roll and surrealism; the motorcycle accident, disappearance, and rumors, followed by the simplicity of *John Wesley Harding* just when *Sergeant Pepper* and the Stones' *Their Satanic Majesties Request* appeared; the placidity of the later albums and Dylan's subsiding into a family man—Scaduto and McGregor follow him all the way, chronicling also the fans' repeated attempts to turn Dylan into a guru and Dylan's repeated evasive actions.

This last theme is one of the most striking. While they lasted, the youthful '60s seemed a chaotic overflow of exuberant energies; in retrospect, they resemble the religious enthusiasms and doctrinal wars of the late Middle Ages. Their stridency is especially notable in *Our Time*, a collection of '60s interviews from the underground newspaper *East Village Other*. Abbie Hoffman, Allen Ginsberg, Tim Leary, Jerry Rubin, Kate Millett, Mark Lane, Alan Watts, and the superfreaks—Super Pusher, Anarchist, and the Sunshine Supermen—they all elbow each other for a good hold on our minds. Now that their startling new insights are old notions, we can see all too clearly how many fake messiahs offered us salvation in the '60s, and we can remember how many people followed them, and how eagerly, and to what dead ends. Folk music vs. country & western; acoustic guitar vs. rock'n'roll; road songs for Kerouac buffs vs. trip songs for Kesey heads; the leftists' masses vs. the arty type's folk; apocalyptic protesters vs. social satirists ("I know there're some people terrified of the bomb," Dylan once said, "but there are other people terrified to be seen carrying a Modern Screen magazine")—and all wanted Dylan as a leader.

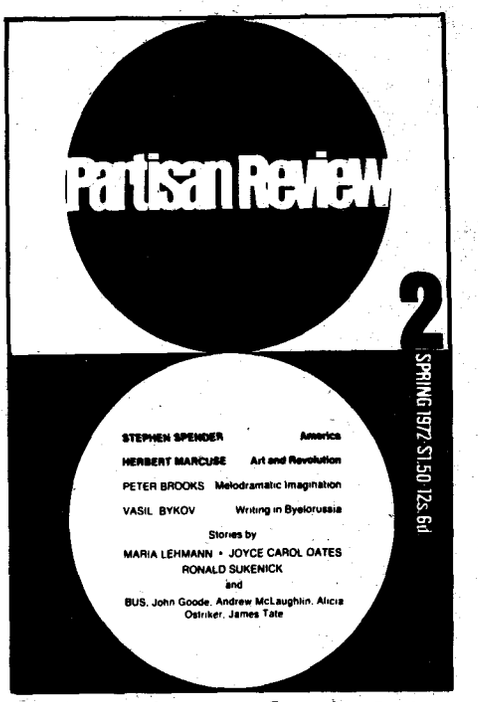
Once he began to succeed, however, Dylan's attitude was always intensely anti-guru. "You don't need a weather man/ To know which way the wind blows," he sang, but the Weathermen took the name anyway. "Don't follow leaders," the same song said; "watch the parkin' meters"; but his fans insisted on following him—and ignoring the parking meters. They wanted to follow, but they never got the message right. In fact, Dylan's messages have often been remarkably unorthodox. He refused to blame Medgar Evers' killer:

> The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid/And the marshals and cops get the same/ But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool/ . . . He's only a pawn in their game.

When Dylan accepted an award from the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, he roused their bigotry by saying he could sympathize with Lee Harvey Oswald. And in "Dear Landlord" he sang, "If you don't underestimate me I won't underestimate you." With similar unconventionality, he repeatedly and correctly denies that his lyrics are profound or even very good. "*John Wesley Harding* . . . is a penitent's album, ridden with shame, guilt and desire for atonement," says McGregor—it is "Dylan's *Ash Wednesday* as surely as 'Desolation Row' was his *Waste Land*." But Dylan disagrees: "People up there were saying 'Boy, that's the second James Joyce,' and 'Jack Kerouac again' and they were saying 'Homer revisited' . . . and they were all just talking through their heads."

Scaduto documents Dylan's career in sufficient detail to reveal lots of bitchiness, ingratitude, and deceitfulness, but under these circumstances such qualities are almost forgivable; what's startling is Dylan's being able to keep and to polish a delightful sense of humor. It appears occasionally in his lyrics (on museums: "this is what/ Salvation must be like/ After awhile"), but its real home is the interview. Of the many that Scaduto refers to and McGregor quotes, the finest is surely the 1966 *Playboy* interview. After the original was rewritten by a fatuous editor, Dylan got Nat Hentoff on the phone for a six-hour call. The result is one of the funnier put-ons:

> PLAYBOY: Do you think Lincoln wore his hair long to keep his head warm?
> DYLAN: Actually, I think it was for medical reasons, which are none of my business. But I guess if you figure it out, you realize that all of one's hair surrounds and lays on the brain inside your head. Mathematically speaking, the more of it you can get out of your head, the better. People who want free minds



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sometimes overlook the fact that you have to have an uncluttered brain. Obviously, if you get your hair on the outside of your head, your brain will be a little more freer . . . . I don't know why Abe Lincoln had long hair.

Lennon Remembers, a long, rambling interview first published in the pop music journal *Rolling Stone* (there's Dylan again), oozes a paranoid disillusion. "I no longer believe in myth, and Beatles is another myth," Lennon says. "I don't believe in it, the dream is over. And I'm not just talking about the Beatles, I'm talking about the generation thing." Lennon remembers everyone who ever put him or Yoko down. He also remembers a childhood like Dylan's, in a Liverpool like Minneapolis. ("There were established folk, blues and country and western clubs in Liverpool before rock and roll and we were like the new kids coming out.") There's the same sense of endless practice and knowledge: "Yoko thinks I know every song, I know millions of songs—I'm like a juke box, thousands upon millions." And the same early start, the years of plugging away, the Looking-Glass world where it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place, and if you want to get somewhere else you must run at least twice as fast as that. And for Lennon as for Dylan there were the fans and the girls and the drugs.

The effect on Lennon seems to have been much worse than on Dylan, partly because the Beatles used to posture for public notice in a way Dylan never did. "One has to completely humiliate oneself to be what the Beatles were, and that's what I resent," John says. "I mean I did it, I didn't know, I didn't foresee; it just happened bit by bit, gradually, until this complete craziness is surrounding you and you're doing exactly what you don't want to do with people you can't stand, the people you hated when you were ten."

Dylan got his World Thinker period out of the way early, but Lennon now says, even after the Maharishi, "I'm interested in concepts and philosophies. I am not interested in wallpaper, which most music is." What saves Lennon from the guru-some implications of this attitude is that his basic habit of mind is skeptical, like Dylan's. "I'm saying like what Dylan said, don't follow leaders . . . . I'm sick of all these aggressive hippies or whatever they are . . . . They're under a delusion of awareness

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by having long hair and that's what I'm sick of. I'm sick of them, they frighten me, a lot of uptight maniacs going around wearing fuckin' peace symbols."

Don't follow leaders. It's still good advice. But Paul McCartney now advises us to "give Ireland back to the Irish." At last August's Bangladesh concert George instructed his worshipping audience to "chant in the name of the Lord and you'll be free," and Billy Preston told them to "learn how to help one another/ And then there'll be perfect peace." ("That's the way God planned it," he explained; "I hope you get this message.") And the crowd loved it. The children of Hamlin still dig pipers.

These books might turn them off, profitably. Lennon's not bad, and Dylan looks pretty good; but no man is a hero to his interviewer's tape recorder, and tape recorders are the foundation of these books, which are full of unheroic real talk. One example, beyond those already given, will have to suffice. Joan Baez is recalling her first meeting with Bob Dylan, when he was just beginning to make it as a babyfaced newcomer at Gerde's Folk City. What happened when these future lovers, the future King and Queen of pop, first met?

> JOAN: He came over that night. Somebody said "Oh, you gotta meet Joan," and he came over and there wasn't anything I could say. I said "far out" or "beautiful" and Bobby mumbled, "Hey, hey, too much" . . . . And that was all.

J. D. O'Hara

Disposing of 'Mystical Twaddle'

The Coming of Age
by Simone de Beauvoir

(Putnam; $10)

In France it was called *La Vieillesse—Old Age*—a better title than the misleading, if catchier, English choice, *The Coming of Age*. Whatever the title, this is an important and seminal book, often dense but more often definitive, not because it says anything shockingly new (especially to *le vieillard*) but because in its thick, inexorable pages (with index, 585) it contemplates, summarizes and theorizes on all the brutal, harsh and incontrovertible truths about modern society's treatment of its old, about the experience of growing old and being old, and about the tragic impossibility of changing the condition without profound social change.

Mme de Beauvoir is now 63. With this volume she has made herself the Mother Bloor of the necessary revolution to force society to ponder its aged, exactly as she was the Erda of the sexual revolution with *The Second Sex*, and just as, in an autobiographical volume written when she was 50, *La Force de L'Age*, she documented with authority her response to being in the prime of life and suddenly brought up short by the prospect of extinction:

> I was afraid of growing old, too; not because my features would change and my powers diminish, but because of the ever stronger taste of death that would poison my every living moment, the black ruled line's slow but inexorable approach . . . inevitably, sooner or later, the line of separation, of not being, would come.

This new book is convincing, both by the sheer weight of its arguments and evidence—its realistically few examples of those facing old age creatively or courageously, those greater numbers defeated by it or raging against it—and by its central thesis that concerns itself with widespread social wrongs and solutions. Beginning with hundreds of pages of historical survey—Mme de Beauvoir has never been one,

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in her fiction, autobiographical or argumentative writings, to spare words—she expounds upon the fearful truisms of the aged: that "from the very beginning every organism contains its own old age, the inevitable consequence of its full completion," that aging is a special process, "an irreversible, unfavorable change; a decline," that biological and chronological ages are often at variance (aging is not "a simple slope which everyone slides down at the same speed," the American gerontologist Howell has pointed out), that when the mind keeps its strength and balance, the body is often healthy, and that, the saddest self-evident recognition of them all, "old age invariably ends in death." In literary terms, "old age is life's parody."

The obvious aside, she reminds us of a too-seldom realized truth that forms the frame for the mountain of evidence contained within it: "a man's aging and his decline always takes place inside some given society: it is intimately related to the character of that society and to the place that the individual in question occupies within it."

In substantiation of her thesis, Simone de Beauvoir examines the place given to the old in primitive societies, in biblical and classical times, in the middle ages, in modern times and in the present-day world. Her conclusions are ineluctable: "the conditions of the aged depend upon the social context," and her moral plain: "By the way society behaves toward its old people it uncovers the naked, and often carefully hidden, truth about its real principles and aims." Civilized societies differ from primitive peoples, not in their philosophical approach to the problem of the old, but in their openness of method. Instead of leaving them to die, or killing them, or caring for them, or revering them as primitive societies did, we forbid killing "unless it is disguised."

For her first-hand evidence of what it is to be old she must depend, of course, on aged or aging writers. It is to literary figures that students of the subject go for records of the "private, inward experience." From autobiographical statements of such men as Swift, Whitman, Tolstoy, Anatole France, Renoir, Montaigne, Hugo and many others, the expected but nonetheless terrifying truths emerge: "The old man's tragedy is that often he is no longer capable of what he desires . . . the sufferer feels the anguish of losing his grip upon himself . . . old age is more apparent to others than to the subject himself . . . age takes us by surprise. We are often astonished when the common fate becomes our own . . . its sudden coming gives us an ill-defined feeling of injustice." The litany goes on. "The unrealizable nature of old age" is the theme of these confessions, these protests against the end game. The writer, and thus mankind for whom he broods, cries out against the future being "no longer big with promise," against facing now-countable years and himself as old, a certainty from which he can never escape, the "falling back of his projects into practico-inert reality . . . whereas the young break free . . . and move forward."

All the psychic actualities are here, in addition to the relentlessly described characteristics of the aged person: his antisocial behavior (protest against his state?), dirtiness (for the same reason?), boredom and feeling of loss of value, distrust of and insensitivity to those around him, loss of interest in learning anything new, "the fading of curiosity," the retention, sometimes, of ambition without the power to gratify it and only vanity its motive. Writes Simone de Beauvoir: "Ambition is within the scope of only a handful of privileged men . . . generally speaking, the old have no refuge from the emptiness of their lives." Frustration at their powerlessness to change their state, loss of virility without the accompanying loss of desire, thoughts of suicide (the old in France account for three-fourths of voluntary deaths), inner doubt, outer despair, hardening into habits and fear of the new, the encroachment of neuroses: all these and more define the "tragic state."

Even more destructive is this book of gerontological myths, what Mme de Beauvoir calls "mystical twaddle." The belief that old age brings serenity, wisdom, resignation, extinction of sexual desires, liberation from conformity and hypocrisy, the old saw that "so long as you feel young, you are young," all are shown to be the creations of fiction writers as well as believers like Jouhandeau who claimed that "as the body wanes, so the soul rises to its apogee." The physician Reverzy is quoted in these pages as saying: "It is only the novelists, good or bad, who believe in a happy old age." Although there are a few persons "who refuse to be defined as 'reduced, diminished individuals struggling to remain human beings'" (and it should be said that a

Each Morning

I get up a drag
soft teeth fat tongue flatulent & flab
crawl to the bathroom heavy as a cow
hand lurches to the jar on the 2nd shelf
gnarls it out & pops my yellow bomber

O yellow bomber golly wow

pantothenic acid charges my blood cells
hacking down the histamines
niacin flushes my cheeks watch out world
riboflavin teams with hydrochloric acid
no anemia today boys
the others pitch together each does his part
to get me out of there with a hopped-up heart

but the last ingredient
microscin
does no good at all
just hangs around my system
because it likes me

PETER MEINKE

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few case histories of this small minority are offered here), the great mass of the aged, caught in a society that cares nothing for them, indifferent to "the great number of cliches and set phrases" about them in religious homilies and fiction, see, with Yeats, that "life is a long preparation for something that never happens." Equally mythic is the concept of second childhood for the aged, delusory and mistaken because childhood is "a forward, upward movement," open-ended and full of ripening possibilities, and old age its diametric opposite: dead-ended and impossible.

At the last Simone de Beauvoir sees one small chance of personal salvation. "Freedom and clarity of mind," she writes, "are not of much use if no goal beckons us any more." To have one's world "still inhabited by projects," even more than to have one's health, and thus to escape boredom and decay: this is one way. But it requires preparation in middle age, a condition which most humans "in our society of exploitation" are denied. And there is a second hope, that the conditions under which the immense majority of men live out their lives will be modified to provide meaning for the whole span, including the end. We have with us now "the aged poor," a phenomenon unknown before the 19th century when longevity was reserved for the privileged class. These aged, in our time, have no weapons and no power, they are not needed or wanted, they are unproductive and therefore an economic and psychic burden, they are the victims of social stratification. Without a change in the system, in the vision of themselves the system provides them with, there can be no change in the criminal vision society has of them. If the mother of S. F. B. Morse was right when she wrote to her son: "The main business of life is to prepare for death," it must be regarded as the obligation of the social organization to men throughout their lives, a total social revolution. Here Simone de Beauvoir is best quoted directly:

> Old age exposes the failure of our entire civilization. . . . It is the fault of society that the decline of old age begins too early, that it is rapid, physically painful and, because they (the old) enter into it with empty hands, morally atrocious. . . . That is the crime of our society. . . . The answer is simple: he (man) would always have to be treated as a man. It is the whole man that must be re-made, it is the whole relationship between man and man that must be recast if we wish the old person's state to be acceptable.

In another place the author once wrote: "In one way or another, every book is an appeal for help." So this book is, for the aging, the aged and mankind as a whole.

Doris Grumbach

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

J. D. O'HARA *teaches English at the University of Connecticut.* DORIS GRUMBACH *is the author of a book of criticism on Mary McCarthy and three novels. Poet* PETER MEINKE *is in Switzerland, on leave from Florida Presbyterian College.*

Who Put the Con in Consumer? *by David Sanford, managing editor of* TNR, *has just been published by Liveright ($5.95).*

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

course, who are the footballs, not the insensate child. The familiar arguments, pro and con euthanasia, add nothing. No, that's not true. They add to the immediacy of a situation in which the entrapped people happen to have wit and humor, and therefore feel the pain more sharply.

My Uncle Antoine is the best feature film I have seen from Canada, and if that isn't damning with faint praise, what is? Every once in a while Canada sends us a feature, which is usually serious and honest, and which usually has the effect of coming from a cultural backwater trying hard to catch up. This is in sharp contrast with the short films from the National Film Board of Canada (who produced this feature) which—live and animated—rank with the best in their fields. I can't explain the contradiction. There certainly are good Canadian actors, and some of those shorts are the work of good scriptwriters and directors.

Perhaps the situation is changing. This new film, from French Canada, doesn't alter the situation, but it's a hopeful sign. Claude Jutra tells the story of a boy, twelve or so, living in a small snowbound Quebec town with his uncle and aunt, learning about the things that preadolescents learn about—in life, as well as in art: sex, death, the fallibility of adults. Jutra himself, grown beefy since I met him in Karlovy Vary eight years ago, plays the clerk in the uncle's general store who has a fling with the aunt.

To make a film on this subject is like writing an ode to spring: you have to climb back over a lot of predecessors to get to root sources, and you have to make sure you are not relying on choice of subject alone to stamp you as sensitive. Jutra has by no means done both things completely, but there is some commitment in his work, and if his film is never deeply affecting, it is often watchable. (If books can be called "readable," as a species of compliment, why not "watchable" for films?)

A chief trouble is that the script fractures its point of view. Ideally, it should have stayed with the boy. Possibly it was necessary to show the aunt's affair from the clerk's view, but there is little apparent reason to follow the wanderings of a surly lumberjack only so that, when he returns at the end, he can find his child's coffin abandoned in the snow. (Something we don't actually see, anyway.) Surely this could have been handled otherwise.

Visually, too, the film has faults. It

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looks as if it had been shot in 16mm, then blown up. (Not always a severe handicap: it didn't hurt *Wanda* much.) The texture is grainy, the colors are poor, and the sky is always unfiltered white as in amateur photography. To these faults, Jutra has added some clumsy usage. The zoom lens ought to be forbidden him for life. It is an esthetically bankrupt way of "saying" something when the director has nothing to say, and Jutra lacks the will to resist it.

But there are some touching moments of external discovery and inner growth for the boy, a useful symmetry in beginning and ending with a death, a gusty rendition of winter, and a bitter picture of what it is like to be French in Canada. The boy is nicely played by Jacques Gagnon, who has a startling resemblance to Father Daniel Berrigan.

The last third of *Fritz the Cat*, the first cartoon feature to be rated X, may be superb. I'll never know. Two-thirds was twice as much as I could stand. I wish I had been kinder to myself and left after the credits.

I mean to describe the very opening exactly as we see it. Three hardhats are eating lunch atop some New York steel construction. Then one of them stands, turns his back, and pees—a thick yellow stream, which falls all through the credits. Credits over, the thick stream reaches the street level, hits a young hippie on the head, and flattens him. And we're off to liberated Cartoonland.

All the characters are "played" by animals: policemen are pigs, black people are crows, students are cats, and so on. Greenwich Village and Harlem are the locales of the part I saw. Fritz is an NYU student who wants to swing (in the '60s), goes to a pot-sex orgy, a black bar, a black club. There is one fleetingly amusing sequence in a synagogue, with bloodhounds as old Jews; the rest is unbearably self-conscious "liberated" stuff without wit or point. The construction is moronic, the drawing dull, the dialogue corny, and the voices like the radio acting of the '30s on a bad night. I was going to mention the names of the people responsible for this mess, but I hope the reader has no interest.

The animated cartoon field is still waiting for its first good adult feature.

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